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VICTOR HUGO.

THE
R H I N E ;

FROM THE FRENCH OF

VICTOR HUGO.

BY

D. M. AIRD,

AUTHOR OF "THE STUDENT'S FRENCH GRAMMAR," ETC., ETC.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY D. AIRD,
'TAVISTOCK-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN,

1843.

PRINTED BY
D. AIRD, TAVISTOCK-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.

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1843.

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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

SHORTLY after HUGO's "RHINE" engaged the attention of the public, various were the criticisms which appeared in the daily and weekly papers, one praising the work *in toto*, another eulogizing what is termed "THE RHINE," but condemning "THE CONCLUSION," which has no reference to the excursion, being nothing more nor less than a political argument respecting the right of Germany to the left bank of that river. Free from party prejudice, the translator perused the work, and was so pleased with "THE RHINE" as a literary production, that he inserted an abridgment of it in "The Mirror," which was warmly received by the press in general, and by the readers of that old and respected periodical.

Impressed with this fact, and confident of the merit of "THE RHINE," in conjunction with its utility as a Guide, the translator brings it once more before the public, in a new and embellished form.

The work consists of a series of letters descriptive of an excursion up that River. The author starts from Paris; and as he proceeds on his journey he relates in a pleasing manner the disasters attendant on travelling—gives a graphic account of the towns through which

he passes—and when he comes to a field of battle, an old church, a dilapidated castle, a relic of history, or some habitation rendered sacred from having been the birth-place of genius, he displays the might of his mind, not only by his extensive knowledge, but by the train of reflections which such scenes inspire, and by the philosophical remarks which he makes upon them.

To the tourist this little Guide will be invaluable, and perhaps not less so to individuals deprived of the means of visiting the Rhine, for by the fireside their minds may wander to Andernach, range over the Waldrar Museum and dilate with joy as the eye scans the interesting incidents and curious Legends with which the work abounds.

LETTER I.

FROM PARIS TO FERTE-SOUS-JOUARRE.

Dammartin—its literature and curiosities.—An accident and its result.—A German waggon.—The pleasures of country travelling.—The philosophical Hunchback and reasoning Gendarme.—Meaux and its curiosities.



BOUT two days ago I started from Paris at noon, and, pursuing my way by the route of Meaux, leaving St. Denis and Montmorency on the left, I cast my eyes upon the rising ground at the bottom of the plain, and while thinking of you, and tenderly bidding you farewell, a turning in the road hid it from my sight. You are already aware that when on long excursions I have a peculiar *penchant* for short stages, hate to be encumbered with luggage, and love to be alone in my carriage with the two friends of my infancy—Virgil and Tacitus.

As I had travelled by Soissons a few years ago, I took the Châlons road, which, owing to demolishers, or, as they style themselves, utilitarians, has now but very

little interest left. Nanteuil-le-Haudoin has no longer the castle, built by Francis the First; the magnificent manor of the Duke of Valois, at Villiers-Cotterets, has been converted into a poor-house; and there, as almost everywhere, sculpture and painting—the mind of by-gone ages, the grace of the sixteenth century—have disappeared. The enormous tower of Dammartin, from which Montmartre, nine leagues distant, could be distinctly seen, has been razed to the ground. Its lizard and vertical form gave rise to the proverb, which I could never well understand,—

“*Il est comme le château de Dammartin, qui crève de rire.*”*

Since it has been deprived of its old *bastille*, in which the Bishop of Meaux, when he quarrelled with the Count of Champagne, took refuge with seven of his followers, Dammartin has ceased to engender proverbs. It is now only remarkable for literary compositions similar to this note, which I copied *verbatim* from a book lying on the table of an *auberge* :—

“Dammartin (Seine-et-Marne) is a small town, situated on a hill; lace is the chief article of manufacture. Hotel: *Sainte Anne*. Curiosities: the parish church, hall; 1600 inhabitants.”

The short space of time which those tyrants of diligences, called *conducteurs*, allow for dinner would not permit me to ascertain if it was true that the sixteen hundred inhabitants of Dammartin were really curiosities.

In the most lovely weather, and on the finest road in

* He is like Dammartin Castle, bursting with laughter.

the world, between Claye and Meaux, the wheel of my vehicle broke. (You know that I am one of those who always *continue their journey*, for, if the carriage renounce me, I abandon the carriage.) At that instant a small diligence passed, which was that of Touchard. There was only one vacant seat,—I took it, and in ten minutes after the accident I was once more on my *route*, perched upon the *imperiale*, between a hunchback and a gendarme.

Behold me now at Ferté-sous-Jouarre, a pretty little town with its three bridges, its charming isles, its old mill supported by five arches in the middle of the river, and its handsome pavilion, of the time of Louis the Thirteenth, which, it is said, belonged to the Duke of Saint-Simon, and is now in the hands of a grocer.

If, in fact, M. de Saint-Simon did possess that old habitation, I very much doubt whether his natal mansion of Ferté-Vidame ever had a more lordly and stately appearance, or was better adapted to his rank of duke and peer, than the charming little castle of Ferté-sous-Jouarre.

You know, my friend, that, when travelling, I do not seek for incidents; my desire is for scenes which may excite and create ideas, and for that new objects suffice. Besides, I am content with little: so that I see trees, the green sward, and have the open air, with a road before and behind me, I am perfectly satisfied. If the country be flat, I like an extended horizon; if it be mountainous, I like the landscapes, and here there is one ever presenting itself to the view. Before me is a charming valley; to the right and left the strange caprices of the soil—huge hills bearing the marks of husbandry, and squares, pleasing to the sight; here and there groups

of low cottages, whose roofs seem to touch the ground; at the end of the valley a long line of verdure, with a current of water, which is crossed by a little stone bridge, partly dismantled by age, that serves to unite the two highways. When I was there, a waggon crossed it—an enormous German waggon, swelled, girt, and corded, which had the appearance of the belly of Gargantua, drawn upon four wheels by eight horses. Before me, near the opposite hill, and shining in the rays of the sun, the road takes its course, upon which the shadows of the tall trees represent, in black, a large comb minus several teeth.

Ah, well! the large trees, the shadow of a comb, at which, perhaps, you are laughing, the waggon, the old bridge, the low cottages—create pleasure, and make me happy. A valley such as this, with a brilliant sun above, ever pleases me. I looked around and enjoyed the scene, but my fellow-travellers were constantly yawning. When the change of horses takes place, everything amuses me. After the cracking of the whip, the noise of the horses' hoofs, and the jingling of the harness, we stop at the door of an *auberge*. A white hen is seen on the highway—a black one amongst the brambles; a harrow or an old broken wheel in a corner; and children in the height of mirth, with comely, yet far from clean faces, playing round a stack of hay. Above my head, Charles the Fifth, Joseph the Second, or Napoleon, is suspended—great emperors, who are now no longer fit for anything but signs to draw custom to an inn! The house is full of voices: upon the step of the door the grooms and the kitchen-maids are composing idyls,

and the understrapper drawing water. Profiting by my high position upon the *imperiale*, I listened to the conversation of the hunchback and the gendarme, and admired the little place, with all its deformities and beauties.

Besides, my gendarme and hunchback were philosophers, free from pride. They chatted familiarly together; the former, without disdaining the hunchback—the latter, without despising the gendarme. The hunchback paid a tax of six francs to Jouarre, the ancient *Jovis ara*, which he explained to the gendarme; and when he was forced to give a *sous* to cross the bridge over the Marne, he became enraged with the government. The gendarme paid no taxes, but related his story with *naïveté*. In 1814 he fought like a lion at Montmirail: he was then a *conscriit*. In 1830, in the days of July, he took fright, and fled: he was then a gendarme. That surprised *le bossu*, but it did not astonish me. *Conscriit*, he was only twenty years of age, poor and brave—gendarme, he had a wife and children, and a horse of his own; he was then a coward. The same man, nevertheless, but not the same life. Life is a sort of meat, which sauce alone renders palatable. No one is more dauntless than a galley-slave. In this world, it is not the skin that is prized—it is the coat. He who has nothing is fearless.

We must also admit that the two epochs were very different. Whatever is in vogue acts upon the soldier, as upon all mankind; for the idea which strikes us, either stimulates or discourages. In 1830 a revolution broke out: the soldier felt himself under a load; he was cast down in spirits by the force of thought, which is equal to the force of circumstances; he was fighting by the order of a

stranger ; fighting for shadows created by a disordered brain, the dream of a distempered mind—brother against brother—all France against the Parisians. In 1814, on the contrary, the *conscrip*t struggled with foreign enemies, for things easily comprehended—for himself, for his father, his mother, and his sisters—for the plough which he had just left—for the hut which he saw smoking in the distance—for the land which he had trod in infancy, for his suffering and bleeding country. In 1830 the soldier did not know what he was fighting for ; in 1814 he did more than know it—he felt it ; he did more than feel it—he saw it.

Three things very much interested me at Meaux. To the right, on entering the town, is a curious gateway leading to an old church ; the cathedral ; and behind it an old habitation half fortified and flanked with turrets. There is also a court, into which I boldly entered, where I perceived an old woman, who was busily knitting. The good dame heeded me not, thus affording me an opportunity of studying a very handsome staircase of stone and wood-work, which, supported upon two arches, and crowned by a neat landing, conducted to an old dwelling. I had not time to take a sketch, for which I am sorry, for it was the first staircase of the kind I had ever seen ; it appeared to me to be of the fifteenth century.

The cathedral is a noble-looking building ; its erection was begun in the fourteenth century, and continued to the fifteenth. Several repairs have lately been made, but it is not yet finished, for, of the two spires projected by the architect, one only is completed ; the other, which has been begun, is hidden under a covering of slate. The middle doorway, and that on the right, are of the fourteenth

century, the one on the left is of the fifteenth; they are all very handsome, though time has left its impress upon their venerable appearance. I tried to decipher the bas-reliefs. The pediment of the left doorway represents the history of John the Baptist; but the rays of the sun, which fell full on the façade, prevented me from satisfying my curiosity. The interior of the church is superb: upon the choir are large orgees, and at its entry two beautiful altars of the fifteenth century; but unfortunately, yet true to the taste of country people, they are daubed over with yellow oil paintings.

To the left of the choir I saw a very pretty marble statue of a warrior of the sixteenth century. It was in a kneeling position, without armour, and had no inscription. I was not able to find out whose statue it is; but you, who know everything, would have done so. Opposite is another; but this one bears an inscription—and much it requires it, for even you yourself would not be able to discover, in the hard and unmeaning marble, the stern countenance of Benigne Bossuet. I saw his episcopal throne, which is of very fine wainscoting, in the style of Louis the Fourteenth; but, being pressed for time, I was not able to visit his famed cabinet at the Bishop's.

Here is a strange fact. There was a theatre at Méaux before there was one at Paris, which, as is written in a local manuscript, was constructed in 1547. Pieces of a mysterious nature were represented. A man of the name of Pascalus played the Devil, and ever afterwards retained the name. In 1562 he delivered up the city to the Huguenots; and in the year following the Catholics hung him, partly because he had delivered up the city, but

chiefly, perhaps, on account of his appellation, "*Le Diable*." At present there are twenty theatres in Paris, but there is not a single one here. It is said that the good people of Meaux boast of this, which is to be proud that Meaux is not Paris.

This country abounds with the age of Louis XIV.—here, the Duke of Saint Simon ; at Meaux, Bossuet ; at La Ferté-Milon, Racine ; at Château-Thierry, La Fontaine—all within a range of twelve miles. The great *seigneur* is neighbour to the great archbishop, and tragedy is elbowing fable.

On going out of the cathedral I found that the sun had hid himself, which circumstance enabled me to examine the façade. The pediment of the central doorway is the most curious : the inferior compartment represents Jeanne, wife of Philippe-le-Bel, from the *deniers* of whom the church was built after her death. The Queen of France, her cathedral in her hand, is represented at the gates of Paradise ; St. Peter has opened the folding doors to her : behind the queen is the handsome King Philippe, with a sad and rueful countenance. The queen, who is gorgeously attired and exceedingly well sculptured, points out to St. Peter the *pauvre diable* of a king, and, with a side look and shrug of the shoulder, seems to say—

"*Bah !* allow him to pass into the bargain."





MONTVIRAIL.

LETTER II.

MONTMIRAIL—MONTMORT—EPERNAY.

Montmirail Castle.—Vaux Champs.—The rencontre and reflections thereupon.—Montmort Castle.—Mademoiselle Jeannette.—The churches and curiosities of Epernay.—Anecdote of Strozzi and Brisquet, Henry the Second's Fool.



HIRED the first carriage I met at Ferté-sous-Jouarre, at the same time asking one question—

“Are the wheels in good order?”

On being answered in the affirmative, I set out for Montmirail. There is nothing of interest in this little town, except a pleasing landscape at the end of an avenue, and two beautiful walks bordered with trees; all the buildings, the *Château* excepted, have a paltry and mean appearance.

On Monday, about five o'clock in the evening, I left Montmirail, and, directing my way towards Epernay, was an hour afterwards at Vaux-Champs. A few moments before crossing the far-famed field of battle, I met a cart rather strangely laden; it was drawn by a horse and an

ass, and contained pans, kettles, old trunks, straw-bottomed chairs, with a heap of old furniture. In front, in a sort of basket, were three children, almost in a state of nudity; behind, in another, were several hens. The driver wore a *blouse*, was walking, and carried a child on his back; a few steps from him was a woman, also bearing a child, but it was not yet born. They were all hastening towards Montmirail, as if the great battle of 1814 were on the eve of being fought.

“Yes,” I said to myself, “twenty-five years ago how many poor families were seen flying from place to place!”

I was informed, however, that this was not a removal—it was an expatriation. It was not to Montmirail they were going—it was to America; they were not flying at the sound of the trumpet of war—they were hurrying from misery and starvation. In a word, my dear friend, it was a family of poor Alscian peasants, who were emigrating. They could not obtain a living in their native land, but had been promised one in Ohio. They were leaving their country, ignorant of the sublime and beautiful verses that Virgil had written upon them two thousand years ago.

These poor people were travelling in seeming cheerfulness:—the husband was making a thong for his whip, the wife singing, and the children playing; the furniture had something about it of wretchedness and of disorder which caused pain; the hens even appeared to me to feel their sad condition.

The indifference of the heads of the family astonished me; I really thought that, in leaving the country in which we first see light, which links our hearts to so many

sweet associations, we should, on taking a last look, shed a tear to the memory of the scenes of our childhood—to the land which contained the mouldering ashes of our forefathers: but these people seemed regardless of all this; their minds were set upon the country in which they hoped to obtain a livelihood.

I looked after them for some time. Where was that jolting and stumbling group going?—ay, and where am I going? They came to a turn in the road, and disappeared; for some time I heard the cracking of the whip, and the song of the woman—then all was quiet. A few minutes afterwards I was in the glorious plains where the Emperor had once been. The sun was setting, the trees were reflecting their long shadows, the furrows which could be traced here and there had a lightish appearance, a blueish mist was at the bottom of the ravine, the fields seemed deserted; nothing could be seen but two or three ploughs in the distance, which appeared to the eye like huge grasshoppers. To my left was a stone-quarry, where there were large millstones, some white and new, others old and blackened; here, were some lying pell-mell on the ground—there, a few standing erect, like the men of an enormous draught-board when upset.

I determined upon seeing the castle of Montmort, which was about four leagues from Montmirail; I took the Epernay road. There are sixteen tall elms, perhaps the most beautiful in the world, whose foliage hangs over the road and rustles above the head of the passenger. In travelling there is no tree pleases me so much as the elm; it alone appears fantastical, and laughs at its neighbour, overturning all as it bends its head, and making all kinds

of grimaces to the passers-by in the evening. The foliage of the young elm may be said to spring forth when your eyes are fixed upon it. From Ferté to the place where the sixteen elms are seen, the road is bordered only with poplars, aspens, and walnut-trees, which circumstance did not at all please me.

The country is flat, the plain extending far beyond the range of the eye. Suddenly, on leaving a group of trees, we see on the right, half hidden in a declivity, a number of turrets, weathercocks, and housetops—it is the castle of Montmort.

My cabriolet stopped, and I alighted before the door of the castle. It is an exquisite fortress of the sixteenth century, built of brick, with slate-work; it has a double *enceinte*, a moat, a three-arched bridge, and a village at its foot: all around is pleasant, and the castle commands a most extensive view. It has a winding staircase for men, and a *rampe* for horses. Below, there is also an old iron door, which leads to the embrasures of the tower, where I saw four small engines of the fifteenth century. The garrison of the fortress at present consists of an old servant, Mademoiselle Jeannette, who received me with the greatest civility. Of the apartments of the interior, there are only remaining a kitchen, a very fine vaulted room with a large mantelpiece, the great hall (which is now made a billiard-room), and a charming little *cabinet*, with gilt wainscoting. The great hall is a magnificent chamber: the ceiling, with its beams painted, gilded, and sculptured, is still entire; the mantelpiece, surmounted by two noble-looking statues, is of the finest style of Henry the Third. The walls were in former times

covered with vast squares of tapestry, on which were the portraits of the family. At the revolution a few daring individuals of the neighbouring village tore down the tapestries and burnt them, which was a fatal blow to feudalism ; the proprietor replaced them with old engravings, representing views of Rome and of the battles of the great Condé. On leaving, I gave thirty sous to Mademoiselle Jeannette, who was bewildered with my bounty.

Night was coming on when I left Montmort. The road is one of the most detestable in the world. It leads into a wood which I entered, and consequently I saw nothing of Epernay but colliers' huts, the smoke of which was forcing its way among the branches of the trees ; the red mouth of a distant furnace appeared for a few moments, and the whistling wind agitated the leaves around. Above my head, in the heavens, the splendid chariot was making its voyage in the midst of stars, whilst my poor *patache* was jogging along among pebbles.

Epernay—yes, it is the town for champagne ;—nothing more, nothing less.

Three churches have succeeded each other ; the first, a Roman church, was built in 1037, by Thibaut the First Count of Champagne, and son of Eudes ; the second, a church of the *Renaissance*, was built in 1540, by Pierre Strozzi, marshal of France, Seigneur d'Epernay, who was killed at the siege of Thionville, in 1558 ; the third, the present one, appeared to me to be built from the design of Monsieur Poterlet-Galichet, a worthy merchant, whose shop and name are close to the church. All three are admirably described and summed up by these names : Thibaut the First, Count of Champagne ; Pierre Strozzi, Marshal of France ; and Poterlet-Galichet, grocer.

To tell you the truth, the last-mentioned church is a hideous building, plastered white, and has a heavy appearance, with triglyphs supporting the architrave. There is nothing left of the first church ; and of the second, but a few fine large stained windows, and an exquisite façade. One of the windows gives the history of Noah with great *naïveté*. The window-frames and façade are daubed with the hideous plaster of the new church. It seemed to me as if I saw Odry, with his short white trousers, his blue stockings, and his large shirt-collar, carrying the *casque* and cuirass of Francis the First.

They wished to show me the curiosity of the country—a great cellar, which contains 100,000 bottles. On my way, I came in sight of a field of turnips, where poppies were in flower and butterflies sporting in the rays of the sun. I went no farther—the great cave could well spare my visit.

I forgot to mention that Thibaut the First was interred in his church, and Strozzi in his : however, I should decidedly disapprove of M. Poterlot-Galichet having a place in the present one.

Strozzi was rather what may be termed a *brave* man. Brisquet, the fool of Henry the Second, amusing himself one day, greased, before the whole court, a very handsome cloak that the marshal had put on for the first time. This excited much laughter, and Strozzi resorted to a most cruel revenge. For me, I would not have laughed, nor would I have avenged myself. To bedaub a velvet coat with grease !—I have never been over-delighted with this pleasantry of the sixteenth century.

LETTER III.

CHALONS.—SAINTE MENEHOULD.—VARENNES.

The reverie.—The arrest of Louis the Sixteenth.—The salutation and its effects.—The signboard.—Notre Dame at Chalons.—Antiquarian forgetfulness.—The inscription.—The watchman, wife, and gnome son.—Abbey of Notre Dame de l'Epine.—The storm.—Metz hotel.—The sleeping canary.—A host and hostess.—Champagne and the signification of Champenois.—Madame Sablière and La Fontaine.



ESTERDAY, at the decline of day, my *cabriolet* was rapidly rolling by Sainte Menehould, at which time I was reading these sublime and beautiful lines—

“Mugitusque boum mollesque sub arbore somni.

* * * * *

Speluncæ vivique lacus.”

I remained for some time leaning upon my book. My soul was full of those vague ideas—sad, yet sweet—which the rays of a setting sun generally awaken in my mind, when the noise of the carriage-wheels on the causeway awoke me from my reverie. We were entering a town ; but what town was it ? The coachman replied, “It is Varennes.” We traversed a street which had some-

thing grave and melancholy in its appearance ; the doors and shutters of the houses were closed, and grass was growing in the courts. Suddenly, after having passed an old gateway of the time of Louis the Thirteenth, we entered a triangular square, surrounded with small white houses, of one story high. Louis the Sixteenth, on his flight in 1791, was arrested in this square by Drouet, the postmaster of Sainte Menehould. There was then no post at Varennes. I descended from my carriage, and for some time kept looking at this little square, which, to the man who does not think of past events, has a dull appearance ; but to him who does, it has a sinister one. It is reported here that Louis, when arrested, protested so strongly that he was not the king (what Charles the First would never have done), that the people, half inclined to credit his statement, were about to release him, when a Monsieur Ethé, who had a secret hatred against the court, appeared. This person, like a Judas Iscariot, said to the king—

“ Good day, Sire.”

This was enough. The king was seized. There were five of the royal family in the carriage with him ; and the *misérable*, with these words, effected their downfall.

“ *Bon jour, Sire,*” was for Louis the Sixteenth, for Marie Antoinette, and for Madame Elisabeth, the guillotine ; for the Dauphin, the agony of the Temple ; and for Madame Royale, exile and the extinction of her race.

Varennes is about fifteen leagues from Rheims—that is to say, for my coachman ; to the mind there is an abyss—the revolution.

I put up for the night at a very ancient-looking *auberge*,

which had the portrait of Louis Philippe above the door, with the words inscribed—

“Au Grand Monarque.”

During the last hundred years, most probably, Louis the Fifteenth, Buonaparte, and Charles the Tenth, had each figured in his turn. Louis the Sixteenth was, perhaps, arrested at the *Grand Monarque*, and, on looking up, saw the portrait of himself—*Pauvre Grand Monarque!*

This morning I took a walk into the town, which is very pleasantly situated upon the banks of a very pretty river. The old houses of the high town, seen from the right bank, form a very picturesque amphitheatre; but the church, which is in the low town, is truly insignificant. It is within sight of my inn, and I can see it from the table at which I write. The steeple is dated 1766, exactly a year before Madame Royale was born.

I visited the church; and if I did not find that all I expected, I found what I did not expect—that is, a very pretty Notre Dame at Chalons. What have the antiquaries been thinking of, when, speaking of Sainte Etienne, they never breathed a word about Notre Dame. The Notre Dame of Chalons is a Roman church, with arched roofs, and a superb spire bearing the date of the fourteenth century. In the middle is a lantern crowned with small pinions. A beautiful *coup d'œil* is afforded here (a pleasure which I enjoyed) of the town, the Marne, and the surrounding hills. The traveller may also admire the splendid windows of Notre Dame, and a rich *portail* of the thirteenth century. In 1793 the people of this place broke the windows and pulled down the statues;

they also destroyed the lateral gateway of the cathedral, and all the sculpture that was within their reach. Notre Dame had four spires, three of which are demolished. It testifies the height of stupidity, which is nowhere so evident as here. The French revolution was a terrible one; the revolution *Champenoise* was attended with acts of the greatest folly.

In the lantern I found engraved on the lead an inscription, apparently in the writing of the sixteenth century—

“ Le 28 Août, 1508, la paix a été publiée à Chal ..”

This inscription, which is partly defaced, and which no one has sought to decipher, is all that remains of that great political act, of that great event, the concluding of peace between Henry the Third and the Huguenots, by the intercession of the Duke of Anjou, previously Duke of Alençon. The Duke of Anjou was the king's brother, and had an eye upon the Pays Bas and pretensions to the hand of Elizabeth of England; but the war with the religious sects which succeeded thwarted him in his plans. That peace, that happy event, proclaimed at Chalons in 1580, was forgotten by the whole world on the 22d July, 1839.

The person who conducted me to this lantern was the watchman of the town, who passed his life in the *guette*, a little box with four small windows. His box and ladder are to him a universe; he is the eye of the town, always open, always awake. Perpetual *insomnia* would be *somewhat* impossible. True, his wife helps him. Every night at twelve o'clock he goes to

sleep, and she goes to watch ; at noon they again change places : thus performing their rounds by each other's side without coming in contact, except for a minute at noon and another at midnight. A little gnome, rather comically shaped, and whom they call their son, is the result of the *tangent*.

There are three churches at Chalons :—St. Alpin, St. Jean, and St. Loup.

About two leagues from Chalons, upon the Sainte Menehould road, the magnificent Abbey of Notre Dame de l'Epine suddenly appears before you. I remained upwards of two hours in this church, rambling round and round. The wind was blowing strongly. I held my hat with both hands, and stood, my eyes filled with dust, admiring the beauties of the edifice.

I continued my route, and after travelling three miles we came to a village where the inhabitants were celebrating, with music and dancing, the fête of the place. On leaving I perceived, on the summit of a hill, a mean-looking white house, upon the top of which was a telescope, shaped like an enormous black insect, corresponding with Notre Dame de l'Epine.

The sun was setting, the twilight approaching, and the sky was cloudy ; from the end of the plain I looked at the hills, which were half-covered with heath, like a *camail d'évêque*, and, on turning my head, saw a flock of geese that were cackling joyously.

"We are going to have rain," the coachman said.

I looked up : the half of the western sky was shrouded in an immense black cloud ; the wind became boisterous ; the hemlock in flower was levelled with the ground ; and

the trees seemed to speak in a voice of terror. A few moments expired : the rain poured down in torrents ; and all was darkness, save a beam of light which escaped from the declining sun. There was not a creature to be heard or seen—neither man upon the road, nor bird in the air. Loud peals of thunder shook the heavens, and brilliant flashes of lightning contrasted wildly with the prevailing darkness.

A blast of wind at length dispersed the clouds towards the east, and the sky became pure and calm.

On arriving at Sainte Menehould the stars were shining brightly. This is a picturesque little town, with its houses built at random upon the summit of a green hill, and surmounted by tall trees. I saw one thing worthy of remark at Sainte Menehould—that is, the kitchen at the hotel of Metz. It may be well termed a kitchen : one of the walls is covered with pans, the other with crockery ; in the middle, opposite the window, is a splendid fire and an enormous chimney ; all kinds of baskets and lamps hang from the ceiling ; by the chimney are the jacks, spits, pot-hangers, kettles, and pans of all forms and sizes : the shining hearth reflects light in all corners of the room, throwing a rosy hue on the crockery, causing the edifice of copper to shine like a wall of brass, while the ceiling is crowded with fantastic shadows. If I were a Homer or a Rabelais, I would say,—

“ That kitchen is a world, and the fireplace is its sun.”

It is indeed a world—a republic—consisting of men, women, and children ; male and female servants, scullions and waiters ; frying-pans over chafing-dishes ; pots

and kettles; children playing, cats and dogs mewing and barking, with the master overlooking all;—*mens agit at molem*. In a corner is a clock, which gravely warns the occupants that time is ever on the wing.

Among the innumerable things which hung from the ceiling, there was one which interested me more than all the others—a small cage, in which a canary was sleeping. The poor creature seemed to me to be a most admirable emblem of confidence; notwithstanding the unwholesomeness of the den, the furnace, the frightful kitchen, which is day and night filled with uproar, the bird sleeps. A noise, indeed, is made around it—the men swear, the women quarrel, the children cry, the dogs bark, the cats mew, the clock strikes, the water-cock spouts, the bottles burst, the diligences pass under the arched roof, making a noise like thunder,—yet the eyelid of the feathered inhabitant moves not.

A propos, I must declare that people generally speak too harshly of inns, and I myself have often been the first to do so. An *auberge*, take it all in all, is a very good thing, and we are often very glad to find one. Besides, I have often remarked that there is almost in all *auberges* an agreeable landlady; as for the host, let turbulent travellers have him—give me the hostess. The former is a being of a morose and disagreeable nature, the latter cheerful and amiable. Poor woman! sometimes she is old, sometimes in bad health, and very often exceedingly bulky. She comes and goes; is here and there—this moment at the heels of the servants, the next one chasing the dogs: she compliments the travellers, stimulates the head servant; smiles to one, scolds another; stirs the

fire ; takes up this, and sends away that ; in fact, she is the soul of that great body called an *auberge*, the host being fit for nothing but drinking in a corner with waggons. The fair hostess of La Ville de Metz, at St. Menehould, is a young woman about sixteen years of age, is exceedingly active, and she conducts her household affairs with the greatest regularity and precision. The host, her father, is an exception to the general run of innkeepers, being a very intelligent and worthy man ; in all, this is an excellent *auberge*.

I left Sainte Menehould, and pursued my way to Clermont. The road between those towns is charming ; on both sides is a chaos of trees, whose green leaves glitter in the sun, and cast their detached and irregular shadows on the highway. The villages have something about them of a Swiss and German appearance,—white stone houses, with large slate roofs projecting three or four feet from the wall. I felt that I was in the neighbourhood of mountains : the Ardennes, in fact, are here.

Before arriving at the borough of Clermont we pass an admirable valley, where the Marne and Meuse meet. The road is betwixt two hills, and is so steep that we see nothing before us but an abyss of foliage.

Clermont is a very handsome village, headed by a church, and surrounded with verdure.

My friend, in glancing over this letter I find that I have made use of the word *Champenois*, which, by some proverbial acceptation, is somewhat ironical ; you must not mistake the sense which I affix to it. The proverb—more familiar, perhaps, than it is applicable—speaks of Champagne as Madame la Sablière spoke of La Fon-

taine—"That he was a man of *stupid* genius,"—which expression is applied to a genius of *Champagne*. That, however, neither prevents La Fontaine from being an admirable poet, nor Champagne from being a noble and illustrious country. Virgil might have spoken of it, as he did of Italy—

"Alma parens frugum,
Alma virum."

Champagne is the birthplace, the country of Amyot—that *bonhomme* who took up the theme of Plutarch, as La Fontaine did that of Æsop; of Thibaut IV., who asked nothing better than being the father of Saint Louis; of Charlier de Gerson, who was chancellor of the university of Paris; of Amadis, Jamyn, Colbert, Diderot; of two painters, Lantare and Valentin; of two sculptors, Girardon and Bouchardon; of two historians, Flodoard and Mabillon; of two cardinals full of genius, Henry de Lorraine and Paul de Gondi; of two popes full of virtue, Martin the Fourth and Urban the Fourth; of a king full of glory, Phillipe-Auguste.

Champagne is a powerful province, and there is no town or village in it that has not something remarkable. Rheims, which owns the cathedral of cathedrals, was the place where Clovis was baptized. It was at Andelot that the interview between Gontran king of Bourgogne, and Childebert king of Austrasie, took place. Hinemar took refuge at Epernay, Abailard at Provim, Héloïse at Paraclet. The Gordiens triumphed at Langres, and in the middle age its citizens destroyed the seven formidable castles, Chagney, Saint Broing, Neuilly Cotton, Cobons, Bourg, Humes, and Pailly. The league was concluded

at Joinville in 1584; Henry the Fourth was protected at Chalons in 1591; the Prince of Orange was killed at Saint Dizier; Sezenne is the ancient place of arms of the Dukes of Bourgogne; Ligny l'Abbaye was founded in the domains of Seigneur Chatillon, by Saint Bernard, who promised the Seigneur as many perches of land in heaven as the Sire had given him upon earth. Mouzon is the fief of the Abbot of Saint Hubert, who sends six coursing dogs, and the same number of birds of prey, every year to the king of France.

Champagne retains the *empreinte* of our ancient kings—Charles the Simple for the *sirerie* at Attigny; Saint Louis and Louis the Fourteenth, the devout king and the great king, first lifted arms in Champagne; the former in 1228, when raising the siege of Troyes—the latter in 1652, at Sainte Menehould.

The ancient annals of Champagne are not less glorious than the modern. The country is full of sweet *souvenirs*—Merovée and the Franks, Actius and the Romans, Theodoric and the Visigoths, Mount Jules and the tomb of Jovinus. Antiquity here lives, speaks, and cries out to the traveller, “*Sta, viator!*”

From the days of the Romans to the present day, the towns of Champagne, surrounded at times by the Alains, the Suèves, the Vandals, and the Germans, would have been burnt to the ground, rather than have been given over to the enemy. They are built upon rocks, and have taken for their device “*Donec moveantur.*”

In 451 the Huns were destroyed in the plains of Champagne; in 1814, if God had willed it, the Russians would also have met the same fate.

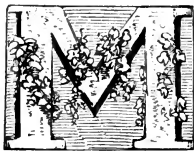
Never speak of this province but with respect. How many of its children have been sacrificed for France ! In 1813 the population of one district of Marne consisted of 311,000. In 1830 it had only 309,000, showing that fifteen years of peace have not repaired the loss.

But to the explanation :—When any one applies the word *bête* to Champagne, change the meaning : it signifies *naïf*, simple, rude, primitive, and redoubtable in need. A *bête* may be a lion or an eagle. It is what Champagne was in 1814.

LETTER IV.

FROM VILLERS-COTTERETS TO LA FRONTIERE.

The effects of travelling.—The retrograde movement.—Reflection.—The secret of stars.—The inscription "I. C."—The cathedral where King Pepin was crowned.—The prisoner's sad rencontre.—Rheims.—Church at Mezieres.—The effects of a bomb.—Sedan and its contents.—The transpiring events at Turenne's birth.—Conversation of a Sir John Falstaff and his better half.



MY DEAR FRIEND,—I write to-day from Givet, where I arrived at four o'clock in the morning, bruised by the jolting of a frightful vehicle, which the people here call a diligence. I stretched myself, dressed as I was, upon a bed, fell asleep, and awoke two hours afterwards. On opening the window of my chamber, with the idea of enjoying the view which it might afford, the only objects which caught my attention were the angle of a little white cottage, a water-spout, and the wheel of a cart. As for my room, it is an immense hall, *ornamented* with no less than four beds.

Since my last letter, a trifling incident, not worth relating, caused me to make a retrograde movement from

Varennés to Villers-Cotterets ; and the day before yesterday, in order to make up for lost time, I took the diligence for Soissons. There was no passenger but myself, a circumstance which was in no way disconcerting ; for it gave me an opportunity of turning over at my ease the pages of some of my favourite authors.

As I approached Soissons, day was fast fading, and night had cast its sombre aspect over that beautiful valley where the road, after passing the hamlet of La Folie, gradually descends, and leads to the cathedral of Saint-Jean-des-Vignes. Notwithstanding the fog which rose around, I perceived the walls and roofs of the houses of Soissons, with a half-moon peering from behind them. I alighted, and, with a heart fully acknowledging the sublimity of nature, gazed upon this imposing scene. A grasshopper was chirping in the neighbouring field ; the trees by the road-side were softly rustling ; and I saw, with the mind's eye, peace hovering over the plain, now solitary and tranquil, where Cæsar had conquered, Clovis had exercised his authority, and where Napoleon had all but fallen. It shows that men, even Cæsar, Clovis, and Napoleon, are only passing shadows ; and that war is a fantasy which terminates with them ; whilst God—and nature, which comes from God—and peace, which comes from nature—are things of eternity.

Determined on taking the Sedan mail, which does not arrive at Soissons till midnight, I allowed the diligence to proceed, knowing that I had plenty of time before me. The *trajet* which separated me from Soissons was only a charming promenade. When a short distance from the town, I sat down near a very pretty little house,

upon which the forge of a Vulcan, who lived opposite, shed a faint light. I looked upwards: the heavens were serene and beautiful—and the planets, Jupiter, Mars, and Saturn, were shining in the south-east. The former, whose course for three months is somewhat complicated, was between the other two, and was making a perfectly straight line. More to the east was Mars, fiery in his appearance, and imitating the starry constellation by a kind of *flamboiemment farouche*. A little above, shining softly, and with a white and peaceful appearance, was that monster-planet, the frightful and mysterious world which we call Saturn. On the other side, at the extremity of the view, a magnificent beacon reflected its light on the sombre hills which separate Noyon from Soissonnais. As I was asking myself the utility of such a light in these immense plains, I saw it leaving the border of the hills, bounding through the fog, and mounting near the zenith. That beacon was Aldebaran, the three-coloured sun, the enormous purple, silvery, and blue star, which rises majestically in the waste of the crepuscule.

O, my friend, what a secret is there then in these stars! The poetical, the thinking, and the imaginative, have, in turn, contemplated, studied, and admired them: the one, like Zoroaster, in bewilderment—the others, like Pythagorus, with inexpressible awe. Seth named the stars, as Adam did animals. The Chaldeans and the Genethliques, Esdras and Zorobabel, Orpheus and Homer, Pherecide, Xenophon, Hecataeus, Herodotus, and Thucydides—all eyes of the earth, so long shut, so long deprived of light—have been fixed from one age to another on those

orbs of heaven which are always open, always lighted up, always living. The same planets, the same stars, that fix our attention to-night, have been gazed at by all these men. Job speaks of Orion and of the Pleiades; Plato listened and distinctly heard the vague music of the spheres; Pliny thought that the sun was God, and that the spots on the moon were the exhalations of the earth. The poets of Tartary named the pole *senisticol*, which means an *iron nail*; Rocolles says, "that the *lion* might as well have been called the *ape*;" Pacuvius would not credit astrologers, under the idea that they would be equal to Jupiter:—

"Nam si qui, quæ eventura sunt, prævideant,
Æquiparent Jovi,"

Favorinus asked himself this question:—"Si vitæ mortisque hominum rerumque humanarum omnium et ratio et causa in cœlo et apud *stellas foret*?" Aulus-Gellius, sailing from Egine to Pirée, sat all night upon the poop, contemplating the stars. "*Nox fuit clemens mare, et anni æstas, cælumque liquide serenum; sedebamus ergo in puppi simul universi et lucentia sidera considerabamus.*" Horace himself—that practical philosopher—that Voltaire of the age of Augustus—greater poet, it is true, than the Voltaire of Louis the Fifteenth—shuddered when looking at the stars, and wrote these terrible lines:—

"Hunc solem, et stellas et decedentia certis,
Tempora momentis sunt qui formidine nulla
Imbuti spectant."

As for me, I do not fear the stars—I love them: still I have never reflected without a certain conviction that

the normal position of the heavens is night ; and what we call " day " arises from the appearance of a bright luminary.

We cannot be always looking at immensity ; ecstasy is akin to prayer ; the latter breathes consolation, but the former fatigues and enervates. On taking my eyes from above, I cast them upon the wall facing me ; and even there subject was afforded for meditation and thought. On it were traces, almost entirely effaced, of an ancient inscription. I could only make out I. C. Without doubt, they referred either to Pagan or Christian Rome—to the city of strength, or to that of faith. I remained—my eyes fixed upon the stone, which seemed to become animate—lost in vain hypotheses. When I. C. were first known to men, they governed the world ; the second time, they reformed it—Julius Cæsar and Jesus Christ.

Dante, on putting Brutus the murderer, and Judas the traitor, together in the lowest extremity of hell, and causing them to be devoured by Satan, must have been influenced by a similar thought to that which engrossed my whole attention.

Three cities are now added to Soissons, the *Noviodunum* of the Gauls, the *Augusta Suessonium* of the Romans, and the old Soissons of Clovis, of Charles the Simple, and of the Duke of Mayenne. Nothing now remains of *Suessonium* but a few ruins ; among others, the ancient temple, which has been converted into the chapel of Saint Pierre. Old Soissons is more fortunate, for it still possesses Saint-Jean-des-Vignes, its ancient castle, and the cathedral where Pepin was crowned in 752.

It was very dark when I entered Soissons ; therefore, instead of looking for Noviodunum or Suessonium, I regaled myself with a tolerably good supper. Being refreshed, I went out and wandered about the gigantic *silhouette* of Saint-Jean-des-Vignes, and it was twelve o'clock before I returned to the *auberge*, in which silence and darkness prevailed.

Suddenly, however, a noise broke upon my ear ; it was the arrival of the mail-coach, which stopped a few paces from my inn. There was only one vacant place, which I took ; and was on the point of installing myself, when a strange uproar—cries of women, noise of wheels, and trampling of horses—broke out in a dark narrow street adjoining. Although the driver stated that he would leave in five minutes, I hurried to the spot ; and, on entering the little street, saw, at the base of a huge wall, which had the odious and chilling aspect peculiar to prisons, a low arched door, which was open. A few paces farther on, a mournful-looking vehicle, stationed between two gendarmes on horseback, was half hid in the obscurity ; and near the wicket four or five men were struggling and endeavouring to force a woman, who was screaming fearfully, into the carriage. The dim light of a lantern, which was carried by an old man, cast a lugubrious glare upon the scene. The female, a robust countrywoman about thirty years of age, was fiercely struggling with the men—striking, scratching, and shrieking ; and when the lamp shone upon the wild countenance and dishevelled hair of the poor creature, it disclosed, melancholy to behold, a striking picture of despair. She at last seized one of the iron bars of the wicket ; but the men, with a violent effort, forced her from

it, and carried her to the cart. This vehicle, upon which the lantern was then shining, had no windows, small holes drilled in front supplied their place. There was a door at the back part, which was shut, and guarded by large bolts of iron. When opened, the interior of the *carriole* disclosed a sort of box, without light, almost without air. It was divided into oblong compartments by a thick board, the one having no communication with the other, and the door shutting both at the same time. One of the cells, that to the left, was empty, but the right one was occupied. In the angle, squatted like a wild beast, was a man—if a kind of spectre, with a broad face, a flat head, large temples, grizzled hair, short legs, and dressed in a pair of old torn trousers and tattered coat, may be called one. The legs of the wretched man were closely chained together; a shoe was on his right foot, while his left, which was enveloped in linen stained with blood, was partly exposed to view. This creature, hideous to the sight, who was eating a piece of black bread, paid no attention to what was going on around him; nor did he look up to see the wretched companion that was brought him. The poor woman was still struggling with the men, who were endeavouring to thrust her into the empty cell, and was crying out—

“No, I shall not! Never—never!—kill me sooner—never!”

In one of her convulsions she cast her eyes into the vehicle; and on perceiving the prisoner she suddenly ceased crying: her legs trembled, her whole frame shook, and she exclaimed, with a stifled voice, but with an expression of anguish that I shall never forget—

“ Oh, that man !”

The prisoner looked at her with a confused yet ferocious air. I could resist no longer. It was clear that she had committed some unlawful crime—perhaps robbery, perhaps worse ; that the gendarmes were transporting her from one place to another in one of those odious vehicles metaphorically called by the *gamins* of Paris “ *paniers à salade* ;” but she was a woman, and I thought it my duty to interfere. I called to the galley-sergeant, but he paid no attention to me. A *worthy* gendarme, however, stepped forward, and, proud of his little authority, demanded my passport. Unfortunately I had just locked up that *essentiel* in my trunk, and, whilst entering into explanations, the jailors made a powerful effort, plunged the woman half-dead into the cart, shut the door, pushed the bolts, and when I turned round all had left, and nothing was heard but the rattling of the wheels and the trampling of the escort.

A few minutes afterwards I was comfortably seated in a carriage drawn by four excellent horses. I thought of the wretched woman, and I contrasted, with an aching heart, my situation with hers. In the midst of such thoughts I fell asleep.

When I awoke, morning was breaking ; we were in a beautiful valley, perhaps that of Braine-sur-Vesle. Venus was shining above our heads, and its rays cast a serenity and an inexpressible melancholy upon the fields and woods—it was a celestial eye which opened upon this sleeping and lovely country.

From Rheims to Rethel there is nothing interesting, and the latter place affords little worthy of remark.

On arriving at Mezières I anxiously looked on all sides for the ruins of the ancient castle of Hellebarde, but could not perceive them. The church of Mezières is of the fifteenth century, and has, to the right and left of the choir, two *bas-reliefs* of the time of Charles the Eighth. On the north of the *apside* I perceived an inscription upon the wall, which testified that Mezières was cruelly assailed and bombarded by the Prussians in 1815; and above it these words:—

“*Lector leva oculos ad fornicem et vide quasi quoddam divinæ manus indicium.*”

I raised my eyes and saw a large rent in the vault above my head, and in it an enormous bomb, which, after having pierced the roof of the church, the timber-work, and the masonry, was thus stopped, as if by miracle, when about to fall upon the pavement. Twenty-five years have now expired, and still it remains in the same position. That bomb, and that wide rent which is above the head of the visitor, produce a very strange effect, which is heightened upon reflecting that the first bomb made use of in war was at Mezières, in the year 1521. On the other side of the church another inscription informs us that the nuptials of Charles the Ninth with Elizabeth of Austria were happily celebrated in this church, on the 17th November, 1570, two years before Saint Bartholomew. The grand *portail* is of this epoch, and, consequently, noble in appearance, and of a refined taste.

As for Mezières—there are some very tall trees upon its ramparts; the streets are clean, and remarkable for their dullness; there is nothing about the town that re-

markable for their dullness, there is nothing about the town that reminds us of Hellebarde and Garinus, the founders; Balthazar, who ransacked it; Count Hugo, who ennobled it; or of Foulques and Adalberon, who besieged it.

It was near noon when I arrived at Sedan, and, instead of seeing monuments and edifices, I saw what the town contains—pretty women, handsome *carabiniers*, cannons, and trees and prairies along the Meuse. I tried to find some vestiges of M. de Turenne, but did not succeed. The pavilion where he was born is demolished, but a black stone, with the following inscription, supplies its place :—

“ICI NAQUIT TURENNE
LE II SEPTEMBRE MDCXI.”

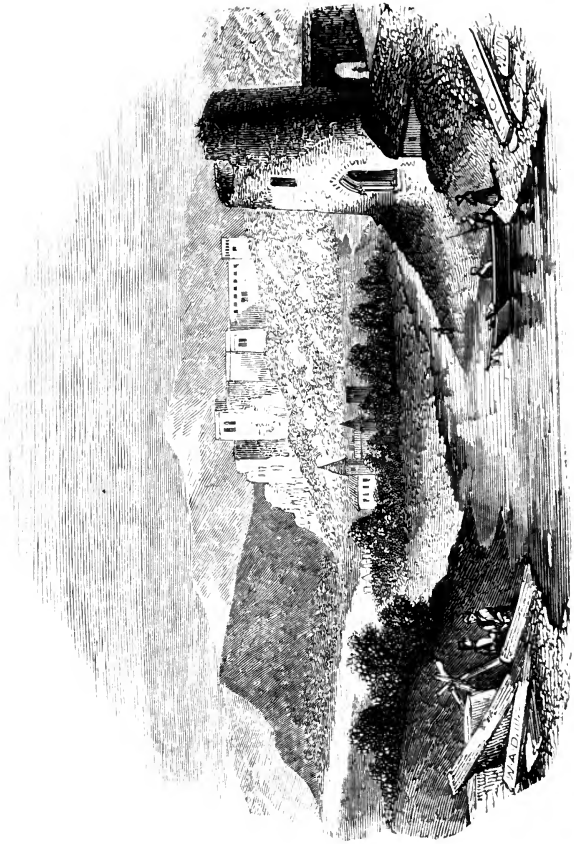
The date, which is in prominent gold letters, struck me, and my mind reverted to that eventful period. In 1611 Sully retired; Henry the Fourth was assassinated the preceding year; Louis the Thirteenth, who should have died as his father did, on the 14th of May, was then ten years old; Richelieu was in his 26th year; the good people of Rouen called a man *Petit Pierre* who was afterwards named by the universe *le Grand Corneille*; Shakespeare and Cervantes were living, so were Branthome and Pierre Mathieu. In 1611 Papirien Masson and Jean Busée breathed their last; Gustave Adolphe succeeded the visionary monarch Charles the Ninth of Sweden; Philippe the Third, in spite of the advice of the Duke of Osunna, drove the Moors from Spain; and the German astronomer, Jean Fabricius, discovered the spots on the sun. Such are the events that were transpiring

in the world when Turenne was born. Sédan has not been a pious guardian of his memory, nor, in fact, has it in its annals any *souvenirs* of William de la Marck, the Boar of Ardennes, the frightful predecessor of Turenne.

After having made a good breakfast in the Hôtel de la Croix d'Or, I decided on returning on foot to Mezières, to take the coach for Givet. The distance is five leagues, but the road is truly picturesque, running along the valley of the Meuse. About a league from Sédan we meet Donchery, with its old wooden bridge and fine trees; villages with smiling urchins; châtelets shrouded in massive verdure; and large prairies, where sheep and oxen are grazing in the sun.

I arrived at Mezières at seven in the evening, and at eight, seated in a miserable *coupé*, between a Sir John Falstaff and a female who might well have passed for his better half, set out for Givet. The two *gros êtres* began to converse, and spoke of events—as striking as they were stirring, such as, “that it is now twenty-two years since I was at Rocroy,”—“that M. Crochard, the secretary of the under-prefecture, is his intimate friend”—“that, as it is twelve at night, the good Mons. Crochard must be in bed.”

Day dawned. We approached a drawbridge, which was lowered, and shortly afterwards we entered into a narrow street, that led into a court, where servants came running with candles in their hands, and grooms with lanterns. I was at Givet.



CIVIT.

LETTER V.

GIVET.

Flemish Architects—Little Givet—The Inscription—Jose Gutierrez.—
The Peasant-Girl.



HIS is an exceedingly pretty town, situated on the Meuse, which separates Great from Little Givet, and is headed by a ridge of rocks, at the summit of which is the fort of Charlemont. The *auberge*, called the Ho-

tel of the Golden Mount, is very comfortable, and travellers may find refreshments there, which, though not the most exquisite, are palatable to the hungry, and a bed, though not the softest in the world, highly acceptable to the weary.

The steeple of Little Givet is of simple construction; that of Great Givet is more complicated—more *recherché*. The worthy architect, in planning the latter, had, without doubt, recourse to the following mode:—He took a priest's square cap, on which he placed, bottom upwards, a large plate; above this plate a sugar-loaf, headed

with a bottle, a steel spike thrust into its neck ; and on the spike he perched a cock, the purport of which was to inform its beholders the way that the wind blew. Supposing that he took a day to each idea, he therefore must have rested the seventh. This artist was certainly Flemish.

About two centuries ago Flemish architects imagined that nothing could exceed in beauty gigantic pieces of slate, resembling kitchen-ware,—so, when they had a steeple to build, they profited by the occasion, and decked their towns with a host of colossal plates.

Nevertheless, a view of Givet still has charms, especially if taken towards evening from the middle of the bridge. When I viewed it, night, which helps to screen the foolish acts of man, had begun to cast its mantle over the *contour* of this singularly-built steeple ; smoke was hovering about the roofs of the houses ; at my left, the elms were softly rustling ; to my right, an ancient tower was reflected in the bosom of the Meuse ; further on, at the foot of the redoubtable rock of Charlemont, I descried, like a white line, a long edifice, which I found to be nothing more than an uninhabited country-house ; above the town, the towers, and steeples, an immense ridge of rocks hid the horizon from my sight ; and in the distance, in a clear sky, the half-moon appeared with so much purity—with so much of heaven in it—that I imagined that God had exposed to our view part of his nuptial ring, to testify his wedded affection to man.

Next day I determined to visit the venerable turret which crowned, in seeming respect, Little Givet. The road is steep, and commands the services of both hands

and feet. After some inconsiderable trouble, and no slight labour of all-fours, I reached the foot of the tower, which is fast falling into ruin, where I found a huge door, secured by a large padlock. I knocked and shouted, but no one answered, so I was obliged to descend without gratifying my curiosity. My pains, however, were not altogether lost, for, on passing the old edifice, I discovered among the rubbish, which is daily crumbling into dust and falling into the stream, a large stone, on which were the vestiges of an inscription. I examined them attentively, but could only make out the following letters:

“LOQVE . . . SA . L . OMBRE
PARAS . . . MODI . SL .
ACAV . P . . . SOTROS.”

Above these letters, which seem to have been scratched with a nail, the signature, “IOSE GVITEREZ, 1643,” remained entire.

Inscriptions, from boyhood, always interested me; and I assure you, this one opened up a vein of thought and enquiry. What did this inscription signify?—in what language was it written? By making some allowance for orthography, one might imagine that it was French; but, on considering that the words *para* and *otros* were Spanish, I concluded that it must have been written in Castilian. After some reflection, I imagined that these were the original words:—

“LO QUE EMPESA EL HOMBRE
PARA SIMISMO DIOS LE
ACAVA PARA LOS OTROS.”

—“What man begins for himself, God finishes for others.”

But who was this Gutierrez? The stone had evidently been taken from the interior of the tower. It was in 1643 that the battle of Rocroy was fought. Was Jose Gutierrez, then, one of the vanquished? had he been taken prisoner and shut up in the tower? and had he, to while away the long and tiresome days, written on the wall of his dungeon the melancholy *résumé* of his life and of that of all mankind—

“ *Ce que l’homme commence pour lui, Dieu l’achève pour les autres ?* ”

At five o’clock next morning, alone, and comfortably seated on the *banquette* of the diligence Van Gend, I left *la France* by the route of Namur. We proceeded by the only chain of mountains of which Belgium can boast; for the Meuse, by continuing to flow in opposition to the *abaissement* of the *plateau* of Ardennes, succeeded in forming a plain which is now called Flanders—a plain to which nature has refused mountains for its protection, but which man has studded with fortresses.

After an ascension of half an hour, the horses became fatigued, the *conducteur* thirsty, and they (I might say we), with one accord, stopped before a small wine-shop, in a poor but picturesque village, built on the two sides of a ravine cut through the mountains. This ravine, which is at one time the bed of a torrent, and at another the leading street of the village, is paved with the granite of the surrounding mountains. When we were passing, six harnessed horses proceeded, or rather climbed, along that strange and frightfully steep street, drawing after them a large empty vehicle with four wheels. If it had been laden, I am persuaded that it would have re-

quired twenty horses to have drawn it. I can in no way account for the use of such carriages in this ravine, if they are not meant to serve as sketches for young Dutch painters, whom we meet here and there upon the road—a bag upon their back, and a stick in their hand.

What can a person do on the outside of a coach but gaze at all that comes within his view. I could not be better situated for such a purpose. Before me was the greater portion of the valley of the Meuse ; to the south were the two Givets, graciously linked by their bridge ; to the west was the tower of Egmont, half in ruins, which was casting behind it an immense shadow ; to the north were the sombre trenches into which the Meuse was emptying itself, from whence a light blue vapour was arising. On turning my head, my eyes fell upon a handsome peasant-girl, who was sitting by the open windows of a cottage, dressing herself ; and above the hut of the *paysanne*, but almost lost to view, were the formidable batteries of Charlemont, which crowned the frontiers of France.

Whilst I was contemplating this *coup d'œil*, the peasant girl lifted her eyes, and on perceiving me, she smiled ; saluted me graciously ; then, without shutting the window or appearing disconcerted, she continued her toilette.

LETTER VI

THE BANKS OF THE MEUSE—DINANT—NAMUR.

The Lesse.—A Flemish Garden.—The Mannequin.—The Tombstone.—Athletic Demoiselles.—Signboards and their utility.



HAVE just arrived at Liege. The route from Givet, following the course of the Meuse, is highly picturesque; and it strikes me as singular that so little has been said of the banks of this river, for they are truly beautiful and romantic.

After passing the cabin of the peasant-girl, the road is full of windings, and during a walk of three quarters of an hour we are in a thick forest, interspersed with ravines and torrents. Then a long plain intervenes, at the extremity of which is a frightful yawning—a tremendous precipice upwards of three hundred feet in depth. At the foot of the precipice, amidst the brambles which border it, the Meuse is seen meandering peacefully, and on its banks is a *châtelet* resembling a *pâtisserie maniérée*, or time-piece, of the days of Louis the Fifteenth, with its decorated walls, and its Lilliputian and fantastical

garden. Nothing is more singularly striking and more ridiculous than this—the petty work of man, surrounded by Nature in all her sublimity. One is apt to say that it is a shocking demonstration of the bad taste of man, brought into contrast with the sublime poetry of God.

After the gulf, the plain begins again, for the ravine of the Meuse divides it as the rut of a wheel cuts the ground.

About a quarter of a league further on, the road becomes very steep, and leads abruptly to the river. The declivity here is charming. Vine-branches encircle the hawthorn, and crowd both sides of the road. The Meuse at this spot is straight, green in appearance, and runs to the left between two banks thickly studded with trees. A bridge is next seen, then another river, smaller yet equally beautiful, which empties itself into the Meuse. It is the Lesse; three leagues from which, in a cavity on the right, is the famed grotto of Hansur Lesse.

On turning the road, a huge pyramidical rock, sharpened like the spire of a cathedral, suddenly appears. The *conducteur* told me that it was the *Roche à Bazard*. The road passes between the mountain and this colossal *borne*, then turns again, and at the foot of an enormous block of granite, crowned with a citadel, a church and a long street of old houses meet the eye. It is Dinant.

We stopped here about a quarter of an hour, and observed a little garden in the diligence-yard, which is sufficient to warn the traveller that he is in Flanders. The flowers in it are very pretty: in the midst are two painted statues, the one represents a woman, or rather a mannequin, for it is clothed in an Indian gown, with an old silk

hat. On approaching, an indistinct noise strikes the ear, and a strange spurting of water is perceived under her dress. We then discover that this female is a fountain.

After leaving Dinant, the valley extends, and the Meuse gradually widens. On the right hand of the river the ruins of two ancient castles present themselves; the rocks are now only to be seen here and there under a rich covering of verdure; and a *housse* of green *velours*, bordered with flowers, covers the face of the country.

On this side are hop-fields, orchards, and trees burdened with fruit; on that, the laden vine is ever appearing, amongst whose leaves the feathery tribe are joyously revelling. Here the cackling of ducks is heard, there the chuckling of hens. Young girls, their arms naked to the shoulder, are seen laughingly walking along with loaded baskets on their heads; and from time to time a village churchyard meets the eye, contrasting strangely with the neighbouring road—so full of joy, of beauty, and of life.

In one of those churchyards, whose dilapidated walls leave exposed to view the tall grass, green and blooming, mocking, as it were, the once vain mortal that moulders beneath, I read on a tombstone the following inscription:—

“O PIE, DEFUNCTIS MISERIS SUCCURRE, VIATOR!”

No *memento* ever had such an effect upon me as this one. Ordinarily, the dead warn—there they supplicate.

After passing a hill, where the rocks, sculptured by the rain, resemble the half-worn and blackened stones of the old fountain of Luxembourg, we begin to perceive

our near approach to Namur. Gentlemen's country seats begin to mix with the abodes of peasants, and the villa is no sooner passed than we come to a village.

The diligence stopped at one of these places, where I had on one side a garden well ornamented with colonnades and Ionic temples; on the other, a *cabaret*, at the door of which a number of men and women were drinking; and to the right, upon a pedestal of white marble, veined by the shadows of the branches, a Venus de Medicis, half hid among leaves, as if ashamed to be seen, by a group of peasants, in a state of nakedness.

A few steps further on were two or three good-looking athletic wenches perched upon a plum-tree of considerable height, one of them in such a *delicate* attitude, and so perfectly regardless of those underneath, that she gave many of the travellers in the Imperial a somewhat vague desire to alight.

About an hour afterwards we arrived at Namur, which is situated near the junction of the Sombre and the Meuse. The women are pretty, and the men are handsome, and they have something pleasing and affable in the cast of their countenances. As to the town itself, there is nothing remarkable in it; nor has it anything in its general appearance which speaks of its antiquity. There are no monuments, no architecture, no edifices worthy of notice; in fact, Namur can boast of nothing but mean-looking churches and fountains of the *mauvais goût* of Louis XV. The town is crowned, gloomily and sadly, by the citadel. However, I must say that I looked upon these fortifications with a feeling of respect, for they had once the honour of being attacked by Vauban and defended by Cohorn.

Wherever there are no churches, I always amuse myself by reading the signs ; for the names of the *bourgeois*, almost as important to study as those of the nobility, appear above their doors in the most *naïve* form.

These three names, taken almost at random from the shops at Namur, have in them separate significations—*L'Epouse*, *Debarsy*, *Negociante*. In reading these we feel assured that we are in a town which belonged to the French to-day, to the foreigner to-morrow, and, next day, again to the French ; a town where the language is changed, and has become insensibly *denaturée*—French words linked with German awkwardness, into phrases. *Crucifex Piret, mercier*—this speaks of the Catholic religion of Flanders ; for there is not such a name in all France. *Menendez-Wodon, horloger*—a Castilian and a Flemish name joined by a hyphen. Is not this the domination of Spain over the Pays-Bas, written, attested, and related in a proper name ? Thus these three express the general features of the country : the first tells the language, the second the religion, and the last the history.

LETTER VII.

THE BANKS OF THE MEUSE—HUY—LIEGE.

A chapel of the tenth century.—Iron-works of Mr. Cockerill; their singular appearance.—Saint Paul's at Liege.—Palace of the Ecclesiastical Princes of Liege.—Significant decorations of a room at Liege.



N leaving Namur we enter a magnificent avenue of trees, whose foliage serves to hide from our view the town, with its mean and uncouth steeples, which, seen at a distance, have a grotesque and singular appearance. After passing those fine trees, the fresh breeze from the Meuse reaches us, and the road begins to wend cheerfully along the river-side. The Meuse widens by the junction of the Sombre, the valley extends, and the double walls of rocks reappear, resembling, now and then, Cyclop fortresses, great dungeons in ruins, and vast *Titaniques* towers.

The rocks of the Meuse contain a great quantity of iron. When viewed in the landscape, they are of a beautiful colour; but broken, they change into that odious greyish-blue which pervades all Belgium. What is mag-

nificent in mountains loses its grandeur when broken and converted into houses.

“It is God who formed the rocks ; man is the builder of habitations.”

We passed hastily through a little village called Sanson, near which stand the ruins of a castle, built, it is said, in the days of Clodion. The rocks at this place represent the face of a man, to which the *conducteur* never fails to direct the attention of the traveller. We then came to the Ardennes, where I observed what would be highly appreciated by antiquaries—a little rustic church, still entire, of the tenth century. In another village (I think it is Sclayen) we saw the following inscription, in large characters, above the principal door of the church :—

“LES CHIENS HORS DE LA MAISON DE DIEU.”

If I were the worthy curate, I should deem it more important for men to enter than dogs to go out.

After passing the Ardennes, the mountains become scattered, and the Meuse, no longer running by the roadside, crosses among prairies. The country is still beautiful, but the *cheminée de l'usine*—that sad obelisk of our *civilisation industrielle*,—too often strikes the eye. The road again joins the river : we perceive vast fortifications, like eagles' nests, perched upon rocks ; a fine church of the fourteenth century ; and an old bridge with seven arches. We are at Huy.

Huy and Dinant are the prettiest towns upon the Meuse ; the former about half-way between Namur and Liege, the latter half-way between Namur and Givet. Huy, which is at present a redoubtable citadel, was in former times a warlike *commune*, and held out with valour

a siege with Liege, as Dinant did with Namur. In those heroic times, cities, as kingdoms now, were always declaring war against each other.

After leaving Huy, we from time to time see on the banks of the river a zinc manufactory, which, from its blackened aspect and smoke escaping through the creviced roofs, appears to us as if a fire were breaking out, or like a house after a fire had been nearly extinguished. By the side of a bean-field, in the perfume of a little garden, a brick house, with a slate turret, the vine clinging to its walls, doves on the roof, and cages at the windows, strikes the eye—we then think of Teniers and of Mieris.

The shades of evening approached—the wind ceased blowing, the trees rustling—and nothing was heard but the rippling of the water. The lights in the adjacent houses burnt dimly, and all objects were becoming obscured. The passengers yawned, and said, “we shall be at Liege in an hour.” At this moment a singular sight suddenly presented itself. At the foot of the hills, which were scarcely perceptible, two round balls of fire glared like the eyes of tigers. By the road-side was a frightful *chandelier*, twenty-four feet in height, surmounted by a flame, which cast a sombre hue upon the adjoining rocks, forests, and ravines. Nearer the entry of the valley, hidden in the shade, was a mouth of live coal, which suddenly opened and shut, and, in the midst of frightful noises, spouted forth a tongue of fire. It was the lighting of the furnaces.

After passing the place called Little Flemalle, the sight was inexpressible—was truly magnificent. All the valley seemed to be in a state of conflagration—smoke issuing

from this place, and flames arising from that ; in fact, we could imagine that a hostile army had ransacked the country, and that twenty districts presented, in that night of darkness, all the aspects and phases of a conflagration—some kindling, some enveloped in smoke, and others surrounded with flames.

This aspect of war is caused by peace—this frightful symbol of devastation is the effect of industry. The furnaces of the iron-works of Mr. Cockerill, where cannon is cast of the largest calibre, and steam-engines of the highest power are made, alone meet the eye.

A wild and violent noise comes from this chaos of industry. I had the curiosity to approach one of these frightful places, and I could not help admiring the assiduity of the workmen. It was a prodigious spectacle, to which the solemnity of the hour lent a supernatural aspect. Wheels, saws, boilers, cylinders, scales—all those monstrous implements that are called machines, and to which steam gives a frightful and noisy life—rattle, grind, shriek, hiss ; and at times, when the blackened workmen thrust them into the water, they moan like that of hydras and dragons when tormented in hell by demons.

Liege is one of those old towns which are in a fair way of becoming new—deplorable transformation !—one of those towns where things of antiquity are disappearing, leaving in their places white façades, enriched with painted statues ;—where the good old buildings, with slated roofs, skylight windows, chiming bells, belfries, and weathercocks, are falling into decay, while gazed at

with horror by some thick-headed citizen, who is busy with a *Constitutionnel*, reading what he does not understand, yet pompous with the supposed knowledge which he has attained. The *Octroi*, a Greek temple, represents a castle flanked with towers, and thick set with pikes; and the long stalls of the furnaces supply the place of the elegant steeples of the churches. The ancient city was, perhaps, noisy; the modern one is productive of smoke.

Liege has no longer the enormous cathedral of the *princes-évêques*, built by the illustrious Bishop Notger in the year 1000, and demolished in 1795 by—no one can tell whom; but it can boast of the iron-works of Mr. Cockerill.

Neither has it any longer the convent of Dominicans—sombre cloister of high fame! noble edifice of fine architecture! but there is a theatre exactly on the same spot, decorated with pillars and brass capitals, where operas are performed.

Liege in the nineteenth century is what it was in the sixteenth. It vies with France in implements of war, with Versailles in extravagance of arms. But the old city of Saint Hubert, with its church and fortress, its ecclesiastic and military *commune*, has ceased to be a city of prayer and of war; it is one of buying and selling—an immense hive of industry. It has been transformed into a rich commercial centre; has put one of its arms in France, the other in Holland, and is incessantly taking from the one and receiving from the other.

Everything has been changed in this city; even its etymology has not escaped. The ancient stream Legia bears now the appellation of Ri-de-Coq Fontaine.

Notwithstanding, we must admit that Liege is graciously situated near the green brow of the mountain of Sainte Walburge; is divided by the Meuse into lower and upper towns; is interspersed with thirteen bridges, some of which have rather an architectural appearance; and is surrounded with trees, hills, and prairies. It has turrets, clocks, and *portes-donjons*, like that of Saint Martin and Amerœur, to excite the poet or the antiquary, even though he be startled with the noise, the smoke, and the flames of the manufactories around.

As it rained heavily, I only visited four churches:—SAINT PAUL's, the *actuelle* cathedral, is a noble building of the fifteenth century, having a Gothic cloister, with a charming *portail* of the Renaissance, and surmounted by a belfry, which, had it not been that some inapt architect of our day spoiled all the angles, would be considered elegant. SAINT JEAN, a grave façade of the sixteenth century, consisting of a large square steeple, with a smaller one on each side. SAINT HUBERT is rather a superior-looking building, whose lower galleries are of an excellent *ordre*. SAINT DENIS, a curious church of the tenth century, with a large steeple of the eleventh. That steeple bears traces of having been injured by fire. It was probably burnt during the Norman outbreak. The Roman architecture has been ingeniously repaired, and the steeple finished in brick. This is perfectly discernible, and has a most singular effect.

As I was going from Saint Denis to Saint Hubert by a labyrinth of old narrow streets, ornamented here and there with *madones*, I suddenly came within view of a large dark stone wall, and on close observation discovered

that the back façade indicated that it was a palace of the middle age. An obscure door presented itself; I entered, and at the expiration of a few moments found myself in a vast yard, which turned out to be that of the Palace of the Ecclesiastic Princes of Liege. The *ensemble* of the architecture is, perhaps, the most gloomy and noble-looking that I ever saw.

There are four lofty granite façades, surmounted by four prodigious slate roofs, with the same number of galleries. Two of these façades, which are perfectly entire, present the admirable adjustment of ogives and arches which characterized the end of the fifteenth century and the beginning of the sixteenth. The windows of this clerical palace have *meneaux* like those of a church. Unfortunately the two other façades, which were destroyed by fire in 1734, have been rebuilt in the pitiful style of that epoch, and tend to detract from the general effect. It is now 105 years since the last bishop occupied this fine structure.

The quadruple gallery that walls the yard is admirably preserved. There is nothing more pleasing to study than the pillars upon which the large ogives are placed : they are of gray granite, like the rest of the palace. Whilst examining the four rows, the one-half of the shaft of the pillar disappears, sometimes at the top, then at the bottom, under a rich swelling of *arabesques*. The swelling is doubled in the west range of the pillars, and the stalk disappears entirely. This speaks only of the Flemish caprice of the sixteenth century ; but what perplexes us is, that the chapiters of these pillars, decorated with heads, foliage, apocalyptical figures, dragons, and hiero-

glyphics, seem to belong to the architecture of the eleventh ; and it must be remembered that the palace of Liege was commenced in 1508, by Prince Erard de la Mark, who reigned thirty-two years.



This grave edifice is at present a court of justice : booksellers' and toy-merchants' shops are under all the arches, and vegetable stalls in the courtyard. The black robes of the law practitioners are seen in the midst of baskets of red and green cabbages. Groups of Flemish merchants, some merry, others morose, make fun and quarrel before each pillar ; irritated pleaders appear from all the windows ; and in that sombre yard, formerly solitary and tranquil as a convent, of which it has the appearance, the untired tongue of the advocate mingles with the chatter, the noise, and *bavardage* of the buyers and sellers.

Above the roof of the palace there is a high and massive square turret, built of brick, which was in former times the belfry. It is now converted into a prison for those of the fair sex who come under the appellation of *filles publiques*.

On leaving the palace I contemplated the *actuelle façade*. A man, addressed me, and wishing to excite my interest, informed me that in Holland Liege was called *Luik*, in German *Luttich*, and in Latin *Leodium*.

My room at Liege was ornamented with muslin cur-

tains, upon which were embroidered—not nosegays, but melons. There were also several pictures, representing the triumph of the Allies and our disasters in 1814. Behold the *legende* printed at the bottom of one of these paintings:—

“Battle of Arcis-sur-Aube, 21st March, 1814. The greater portion of the garrison of this place, composed of the *garde ancienne*, were taken prisoners, and the Allies, on the 22nd of April, triumphantly entered Paris.”

LETTER VIII.

THE BANKS OF THE VESDRE.—VERVIERS.

Railways.—Miners at work.—Louis the Fourteenth.



ESTERDAY morning, as the diligence was about to leave Liege for Aix-la-Chapelle, a *worthy* citizen annoyed the passengers by refusing to take the seat upon the *imperiale*, which the conductor pointed out as his. For the sake of peace I offered him mine, which the condescending traveller, without evincing any reluctance, or even thanking me, accepted, and the heavy vehicle forthwith rolled tardily along. I was pleased with the change. The road, though no longer by the banks of the Meuse, but by those of the Vesdre, is exceedingly beautiful.

The Vesdre is rapid, and runs through Verviers and Chauffontaines, along the most charming valley in the world. In August, especially if the day be fine, with a blue sky over our heads we have either a ravine or a garden, and certainly always a paradise. From the road

the river is ever in sight. It at one time passes through a pleasing village, at another it skirts an old castle, with square turrets: there the country suddenly changes its aspect, and on turning by a hill-side the eye discovers, through an opening in a thick tuft of trees, a low house with a huge wheel by its side. It is a water-mill.

Between Chauffontaines and Verviers the valley is full of charms, and the weather being propitious added much to enliven the scene. Marmosets were playing upon the garden-steps; the breeze was shaking the leaves of the tall poplars, and sounded like the music of peace, the harmony of nature; handsome heifers, in groups of three and four, were shaded by leafy blinds from the rays of the sun, and were reposing on the greensward; then, far from all houses, and alone, a fine cow, worthy of the regards of Argus, was peacefully grazing. The soft notes of a flute floating on the breeze were distinctly heard.

“Mercurius septem mulcet arundinibus.”

The railway—that *colossale entreprise*, which runs from Anvers to Liege, and is being extended to Verviers—is cut through the solid rock, and runs along the valley. Here we meet a bridge, there a viaduct; and at times we see in the distance, at the foot of an immense rock, a group of dark objects, resembling a hillock of ants, busily blasting the solid granite.

These ants, small though they be, perform the work of giants.

When the fissure is wide and deep, a strange sound proceeds from the interior: in fact, one might imagine that the rock is making known its grievances by the

mouth which man has made. Our diligence suddenly stopped, on seeing the workmen, who were upon a rising ground, flying in all directions: a noise louder than thunder was heard, which was echoed by the adjacent rocks and mountains. It was the miners who were at work. For a few hours afterwards the passengers did nothing but speak of accidents that are always taking place—that, no further back than yesterday, a man was killed and a tree cut in two by a block of stone which weighed twenty thousand pounds; and that, the day before, the wife of one of the workmen, while carrying coffee to her husband, was killed in the same manner. This has a tendency to spoil the *idylle*.

Verviers is an insignificant little town, divided into three *quartiers*, called Chick-Chack, Brasse-Crotte, and Dardanelle. In passing, I observed a little urchin, about six years of age, who, seated upon a door-step, was smoking his pipe, with all the magisterial air of a Grand Turk. The *marmot fumeur* looked into my face, and burst into a fit of laughter, which made me conclude that my appearance was to him rather ridiculous.

After Verviers, the road skirts the Vesdre as far as Simbourg: Simbourg—that town of counts, that *pâte* which Louis XIV. found had a crust rather hard for mastication—is at present a dismantled fortress.

LETTER IX.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE—THE TOMB OF CHARLEMAGNE.

Chapel.—Legend of the Wolf and Pine-apple.—Carlo Magno.—Barberousse.—The untombing of Charlemagne.—Exhibition of relics.—Arm-chair of Charlemagne.—The Swiss Guide.—Hôtel-de-Ville, the birthplace of Charlemagne.—Aix-la-Chapelle in the distance.



OR an invalid, Aix-la-Chapelle is a mineral fountain—warm, cold, irony, and sulphureous; for the tourist, it is a place for redoubts and concerts; for the pilgrim, the place of relics, where the gown of the Virgin Mary, the blood of Jesus, the cloth which enveloped the head of John the Baptist after his decapitation, are exhibited every seven years; for the antiquarian chronicler, it is a noble abbey of *filles à abbesse*, connected with the male convent, which was built by Saint Gregory, son of Nicephore, Emperor of the East; for the hunter, it is the ancient valley of the wild boars, (*Porcetum*); for the merchant, it is a *fabrique* of cloth, needles, and pins; and for him who is neither merchant,

manufacturer, hunter, antiquary, pilgrim, tourist, nor invalid, it is the city of Charlemagne.

In fact, Charlemagne was born at Aix-la-Chapelle, and died there. He was born in the old palace, of which there now only remains the tower, and he was buried in the church that he founded in 796, two years after the death of his wife Frastrada. Leon the Third consecrated it in 804, and tradition says that two bishops of Tongres, who were buried at Maestricht, left their graves, in order to complete, at that ceremony, the three hundred and sixty-five bishops and archbishops representing the days of the year.

This historical and legendary church, from which the town has taken its name, has undergone, during the last thousand years, many transformations.

No sooner had I entered Aix than I went to the chapel.

The *portail*, built of grey-blue granite, is of the time of Louis the Fifteenth, with doors of the eighth century. To the right of the *portail*, a large bronze ball, like a pine-apple, is placed upon a granite pillar; and on the opposite side, on another pillar, is a wolf, of the same metal, which is half turned towards the bystanders, its mouth open and its teeth displayed. Permit me, my friend, to give you a brief explanation of the legend of the wolf and pine-apple. This is the legend daily recited by the old women of the place to the inquiring traveller:—

“A long time, a very long time ago, the good people of Aix-la-Chapelle wished to build a church: money was put aside for the purpose; the foundation was laid, the walls were built, and the timber-work was commenced.

For six months there was nothing heard but a deafening noise of saws, hammers, and axes; but at the expiration of that period the money ran short. A call was made upon the pilgrims for assistance; a tin plate was placed at the door of the church, but scarcely a liard was collected. What was to be done? The senate assembled, and proposed, argued, advised, and consulted. The workmen refused to continue their labour. The grass, the brambles, the ivy, and all the other insolent weeds which surround ruins, clang to the new stones of the abandoned edifice. Was there no other alternative than that of discontinuing the church? The glorious senate of burgomasters were in a state of consternation.

“One day, in the midst of their discussions, a strange man, of tall stature and respectable appearance, entered.

“‘Good day, gentlemen. What is the subject of discussion? You seem bewildered. Ah, I suppose your church weighs heavy at your hearts. You do not know how to finish it. People say that money is the chief requisite for its completion.’

“‘Stranger,’ said one of the senate, ‘*allez vous en au diable?*’ It would take a million of money.’

“‘There is a million,’ said the unknown, opening the window, and pointing to a chariot drawn by oxen, and guarded by twenty negroes armed to the teeth.

“One of the burgomasters went with the stranger to the carriage, took the first sack that came to his hand, then both returned. It was laid before the senate, and found to be full of gold.

“The *bourgomestres* looked with eyes expressive both of foolishness and surprise, and demanded of the *inconnu*—

“ ‘ Who are you, sir ? ’ ”

“ ‘ My dear fellows, I am the man who has money at command. What more do you require ? I inhabit the Black Forest, near the lake of Wildsée, and not far from the ruins of Heidensladt, the city of Pagans. I possess mines of gold and silver, and at night I handle millions of precious stones. But I have strange faucies—in fact, I am unhappy, a melancholy being, passing my days in gazing into the transparent lake, watching the *tourniquet* and the water Titons, and observing the growth of the *polygonum amphibium* among the rocks. But a truce to questions and idle stories. I have opened my heart,—profit by it ! There is your million of money. Will you accept it ? ’ ”

“ ‘ *Pardieu, oui,*’ said the senate. ‘ We shall finish our church.’ ”

“ ‘ Well, it is yours,’ the stranger said ; ‘ but remember there is a condition.’ ”

“ ‘ What is it ? ’ ”

“ ‘ Finish your church, gentlemen—take all this precious metal ; but promise me, in exchange, the first soul that enters into the church on the day of its consecration.’ ”

“ ‘ You are the devil ! ’ cried the senate.

“ ‘ *You are imbeciles,*’ replied Urian.

“ The burgomasters began to cross themselves, to turn pale, and tremble ; but Urian, who was a queer fellow, shook the bag containing the gold, laughed till he almost split his sides, and, soon gaining the confidence of the worthy gentlemen, a negotiation took place. The devil is a clever fellow,—that is the reason that he is a devil.

“ ‘After all,’ he said, ‘I am the one who shall lose by the bargain. You shall have your million and your church : as for me, I shall only have a soul.’ ”

“ ‘Whose soul, sir?’ demanded the frightened senate.

“ ‘The first one that comes—that, perhaps, of some canting hypocrite, who, to appear devout, and to show his zeal in the cause, will enter first. But, *bourgomestres*, my friends, your church bids fair. The plan pleases me ; and the edifice, in my opinion, will be superb. I see with pleasure that your architect prefers the *trompe-sous-le-coin* to that of Montpellier. I do not dislike the arched vault, but still I would have preferred a ridged one. I acknowledge that he has made the door-way very tastefully ; but I am not sure if he has been careful about the thickness of the *parpain*. What is the name of your architect ? Tell him from me, that, to make a door well, there must be four panels. Nevertheless, the church is of a very good style, and well adjusted. It would be a pity to leave off what has been so well begun. You must finish your church. Come, my friends ; the million for you—the soul for me. Is it not so ? ’ ”

“ ‘After all,’ thought the citizens, ‘we ought to be satisfied that he contents himself with one soul. He might, if he observed attentively, find that there is scarcely one in the whole place that does not belong to him.’ ”

“The bargain was concluded—the million was locked up—Urian disappeared in a blue flame—and two years afterwards the church was finished.

“You must know that all the senators took an oath to keep the transaction a profound secret ; and it must also be understood that each of them on the very same even-

ing related the affair to his wife. When the church was complete, the whole town—thanks to the wives of the senators—knew the secret of the senate; and no one would enter the church. This was an embarrassment greater even than the first: the church was erected, but no one would enter; it was finished, but it was empty. What good was a church of this description?

“The senate assembled, but they could do nothing; and they called upon the Bishop of Tongres, but he was equally puzzled. The canons of the church were consulted; but to no avail. At last the monks were brought in.

“‘*Pardieu*,’ said one of them; ‘you seem to stand at trifles; you owe Urian the first soul that passes the door of the church; but he did not stipulate as to the kind of soul. I assure you, this Urian is at best an ass. Gentlemen, after a severe struggle, a wolf was taken alive in the valley of Borcette. Make it enter the church. Urian must be contented; he shall have a soul, although only that of a wolf.’

“‘Bravo! bravo!’ shouted the senate.

“At the dawn of the following day the bells rang.

“‘What!’ cried the inhabitants—‘to-day is the consecration of the church, but who will dare to enter first?’

“‘I won’t!’ shouted one. ‘Nor I!’—‘Nor I!’ escaped from the lips of the others.

“At last the senate and the *chapitre* arrived, followed by men carrying the wolf in a cage. A signal was given to open the door of the church and that of the cage simultaneously; the wolf, half mad from fright, rushed into the empty church, where Urian was waiting, his

mouth open, and his eyes shut. Judge of his rage when he discovered that he had swallowed a wolf. He shouted tremendously, flew for some time under the high arches, making a noise like a tempest, and, on going out, gave the door a furious kick, that rent it from top to bottom."

It is upon that account, say the old dames, that a statue of the wolf has been placed on the left side of the church, and an apple, which represents its poor soul, on the right.

I must add, before finishing the legend, that I looked for the rent made by the heel of the devil, but could not find it.

On approaching the chapel by the great *portail* the effect is not striking; the *façade* displays the different styles of architecture—Roman, Gothic, and modern,—without order, and consequently, without grandeur; but if, on the contrary, we arrive at the chapel by the Chevet, the result is otherwise. The high *abside* of the fourteenth century, in all its boldness and beauty—with its angular roof, the rich workmanship of its balustrades, the variety of its *gargouilles*, the sombre hue of the stones, and its large, transparent windows—strikes the beholder with admiration.

Here, nevertheless, the aspect of the church—imposing though it is—will be found far from uniform. Between the *abside* and the *portail*, in a kind of cavity, the dome of Otho III., built over the tomb of Charlemagne in the tenth century, is hid from view. After a few moments' contemplation, a singular awe comes over us when gazing at this extraordinary edifice—an edifice which, like the great work that Charlemagne began, remains unfinished;

and which, like his empire that spoke all languages, is composed of architecture that represents all styles. To the reflective, there is a strange analogy between this wonderful man and this great building.

After having passed the arched roof of the portico, and left behind me the antique bronze doors surmounted with lions' heads, a white rotundo of two stories, in which all the *fantaisies* of architecture are displayed, attracted my attention. On casting my eyes upon the ground, I perceived a large block of dark marble, with the following inscription in brass letters:—

“CAROLO MAGNO.”

Nothing is more contemptible than to see, exposed to view, the bastard graces that surround this great Carolingian name: angels resembling distorted Cupids, palm-branches like coloured feathers, garlands of flowers, and knots of ribbons, are placed under the dome of Otho III., and upon the tomb of Charlemagne.

The only thing here that evinces respect to the shade of that great man is an immense lamp, twelve feet in diameter, with forty-eight burners; which was presented, in the twelfth century, by Barberousse. It is of brass, gilt with gold, has the form of a crown, and is suspended from the ceiling above the marble stone by an iron chain about seventy feet in length.

It is evident that some other monument had been erected to Charlemagne. There is nothing to convince us that this marble, bordered with brass, is of antiquity. As to the letters, “CAROLO MAGNO,” they are not of a later date than 1730.

Charlemagne is no longer under this stone. In 1166

Frederick Barberousse—whose gift, magnificent though it was, does by no means compensate for his sacrilege—caused the remains of the great emperor to be untombed. The Church claimed the imperial skeleton, and, separating the bones, made each a holy relic. In the adjoining sacristy, a vicar shows the people—for three francs seventy-five centimes—the fixed price—the *arm of Charlemagne*—that arm which held for a time the reins of the world. Venerable relic! which has the following inscription, written by some scribe of the twelfth century :—

“BRACHIUM SANCTI CAROLI MAGNI.”

After that, I saw the skull of Charlemagne, that cranium which may be said to have been the mould of a new Europe, and which a beadle had the effrontery to strike with his finger.

All are kept in a wooden armory, with a few angels, similar to those I have just mentioned, on the top. Such is the tomb of that man whose memory has outlived ten ages, and who, by his greatness, has shed the rays of immortality around his name. *Sanctus, magnus*, belong to him—two of the most august epithets which this earth could bestow upon a human being.

There is one thing astonishing—that is, the largeness of the skull and arm. Charlemagne was, in fact, colossal with respect to size of body as well as extraordinary mental endowments. The son of Pepin-le-Bref was in body, as in mind, gigantic; of great corporeal strength, and of astounding intellect.

An inspection of this armory has a strange effect upon the antiquary. Besides the skull and arm, it contains the

heart of Charlemagne ; the cross which the emperor had round his neck in his tomb ; a handsome *ostensoir* of the Renaissance, given by Charles the Fifth, and spoiled, in the last century, by tasteless ornaments ; fourteen richly sculptured gold plates, which once ornamented the arm-chair of the emperor ; an *ostensoir*, given by Philippe the Second ; the cord which bound our Saviour ; the sponge which was used upon the cross ; the girdle of the Holy Virgin, and that of the Redeemer.

In the midst of innumerable ornaments, heaped up in the armory like mountains of gold and precious stones, are two shrines of singular beauty. One, the oldest, which is seldom opened ; contains the remainder of the bones of Charlemagne, and the other, of the twelfth century, which Frederick Barberousse gave to the church, holds the relics, which are exhibited every seven years. A single exhibition of this shrine, in 1496, attracted 42,000 pilgrims, and drew, in ten days, 80,000 florins.

This shrine has only one key, which is in two pieces ; the one is in the possession of the chapitre, the other in that of the magistrate of the town. Sometimes it is opened on extraordinary occasions, such as on the visit of a monarch. The present King of Prussia, when Prince Royal, expressed a desire to have it opened, which was not acceded to.

In a small armory, adjoining the one mentioned, I saw an exact imitation of the Germanic crown of Charlemagne. That which he wore as Emperor of Germany is at Vienna ; the one, as King of France, at Rheims ; and the other, as King of Lombardy, is at Menza, near Milan.

On going out of the sacristy, the beadle gave orders to

one of the menials, a Swiss, to show me the interior of the chapel. The first object that fixed my attention was the pulpit, presented by the Emperor Henry the Second, which is extravagantly ornamented and gilt, in the style of the eleventh century. To the right of the altar, the heart of M. Antoine Berdolet, the first and last Bishop of Aix-la-Chapelle, is encased. That church had but one bishop,—he whom Buonaparte named “*Primus Aquisgranensis Episcopus.*”

In a dark room in the chapel, my conductor opened another armory, which contains the sarcophagus of Charlemagne. It is a magnificent coffin of white marble, upon which the carrying off of Proserpine is sculptured. The fair girl is represented as making desperate efforts to disentangle herself from the grasp of Pluto, but the god has seized her half-naked neck, and is forcing her head against Minerva. Some of the Nymphs, the attendants of Proserpine, are in eager combat with the Furies, while others are endeavouring to stop the car, which is drawn by two dragons. A goddess has boldly seized one of them by the wing, and the animal, to all appearance, is crying hideously. This *bas-relief* is a poem, powerful and startling—like the pictures of Pagan Rome, and like some of those of Rubens.

The tomb, before it became the sarcophagus of Charlemagne, was, it is said, that of Augustus.

After mounting a narrow staircase, my guide conducted me to a gallery which is called the Hochmunster. In this place is the arm-chair of Charlemagne. It is low, exceedingly wide, with a round back; is formed of four pieces of white marble, without ornaments or sculpture,

and has for a seat an oak board, covered with a cushion of red velvet. There are six steps up to it, two of which are of granite, the others of marble. On this chair, sat—a crown upon his head, a globe in one hand, a sceptre in the other, a sword by his side, the imperial mantle over his shoulders, the cross of Christ round his neck, and his feet in the sarcophagus of Augustus,—Carolo Magno in his tomb, in which attitude he remained for three hundred and fifty-two years—from 814 to 1166, when Frederick Barberousse, coveting the chair for his coronation, entered the tomb. Barberousse was an illustrious prince and a valiant soldier; and it must, therefore, have been a moment singularly strange when this crowned man stood before the crowned corpse of Charlemagne—the one in all the majesty of empire, the other in all the majesty of death. The soldier overcame the shades of greatness; the living became the despoliator of inanimate worth. The chapel claimed the skeleton, and Barberousse the marble chair, which afterwards became the throne where thirty-six emperors were crowned. Ferdinand the First was the last; Charles the Fifth preceded him. The coronation of the German emperors now takes place at Frankfort.

I remained spell-bound near this chair, so simple, yet so grand. I gazed upon the marble steps, marked by the feet of those thirty-six Cæsars who had here seen the bursting forth of their illustriousness, and who, each in his turn, had ceased to be of the living. Thoughts started in my mind, recollections flashed across my memory. When Frederick Barberousse was old, he determined for

the second or third time, to engage in the Holy War. One day he reached the banks of the beautiful river Cydnus, and, being warm, took a fancy to bathe. The man who could profane the tomb of Charlemagne might well forget Alexander. He entered the river; the cold seized him. Alexander was young, and survived; Barberousse was old, and lost his life.

It appears to me as probable, that, one day or another, a pious thought will strike some saint, king, or emperor,—that he will take the remains of Charlemagne from the armory where the sacristans have placed them—gather all that still exists of that great skeleton—and place them once more in the arm-chair, the Carlovingian diadem upon the skull, the globe of the empire on the arm, and the imperial mantle over the bones.

This would be a magnificent sight for him who dared to look at the apparition. What thoughts would crowd upon his mind when beholding the son of Pepin in his tomb—he, who equalled in greatness Augustus or Sesostris: he, who in fiction, is a knight-errant, like Roland,—a magician, like Merlin; for religion, a saint, like Peter or Jerome; for philosophy, civilization personifies him, and every thousand years assumes a giant form to traverse some profound abyss—civil wars, barbarism, revolutions; which calls itself at one time Cæsar, then Charlemagne, and at another Napoleon.

In 1804, when Buonaparte became known as Napoleon, he visited Aix-la-Chapelle. Josephine, who accompanied him, had the caprice to sit down on this chair; but Napoleon, out of respect for Charlemagne, took off his hat, and remained for some time standing, and in si-

lence. The following fact is somewhat remarkable, and struck me forcibly: In 814 Charlemagne died; a thousand years afterwards, most probably about the same hour, Napoleon fell.

In that fatal year, 1814, the allied sovereigns visited the tomb of the great *Carolo*. Alexander of Russia, like Napoleon, took off his hat and uniform; Frederick William of Prussia kept on his *casquette de petite tenue*; Francis retained his surtout and round bonnet. The King of Prussia stood upon the marble steps, receiving information from the prévôt of the chapitre respecting the coronation of the emperors of Germany; the two emperors remained silent. Napoleon, Josephine, Alexander, Frederick William, and Francis, are now no more.

My guide, who gave me these details, was an old French soldier, and had been for some time one of the appurtenances of Aix-la-Chapelle. Formerly he shouldered his musket, and marched at the sound of the drum; now, he carries a halberd in the clerical ceremonies before the chapitre. This man, who speaks to travellers of Charlemagne, has Napoleon nearest his heart. When he spoke of the battles in which he had fought, of his old comrades, and of his colonel, the tears streamed from his eyes. He knew that I was a Frenchman; and, on my leaving, said, with a solemnity which I shall never forget—

“You can say, sir, that you saw at Aix-la-Chapelle an old soldier of the Thirty-sixth Swiss regiment.”

Then, a moment afterwards, added—

“You can also state that he belongs to three nations,—Prussian by birth; Swiss by trade; but his whole heart is French.”

On quitting the chapel I was so much absorbed in reflection, that I all but passed a lovely façade of the fourteenth century, ornamented with the statues of seven emperors. I was awoke from my reverie by the sudden bursts of laughter which escaped from two travellers, the elder of whom, I was told in the morning by the landlord of the Emperor's Hotel, was M. le Comte d'A., of the most noble family of Artois.

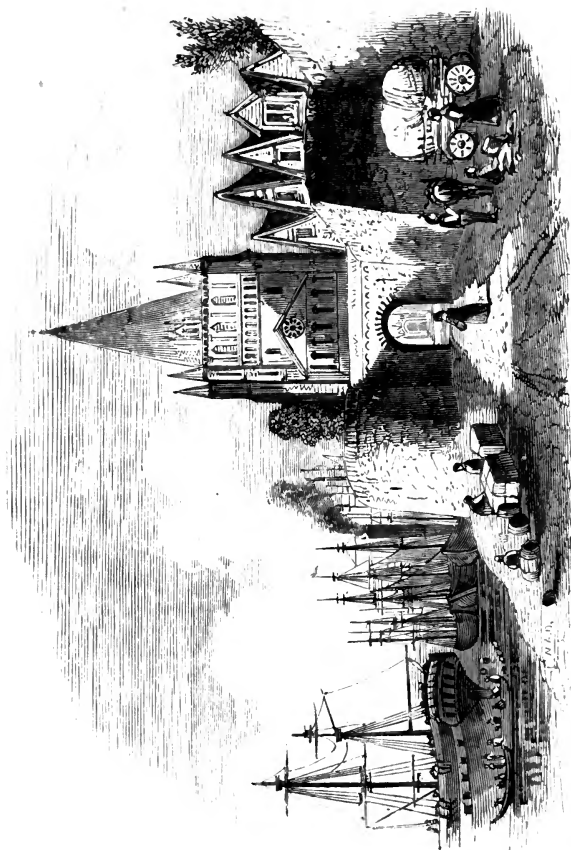
"Here are names!" they cried. "It certainly required a revolution to form such names as these. Le Capitaine Lasoupe, and Colonel Graindorge."

My poor Swiss had spoken to them, as he did to me, about his old captain and colonel, for they were so called.

A few minutes afterwards I was on my way to the Hôtel-de-Ville, the supposed birthplace of Charlemagne, which, like the chapel, is an edifice made of five or six others. In the middle of the court there is a fountain of great antiquity, with a bronze statue of Charlemagne. To the left and right are two others—both surmounted with eagles, their heads half turned towards the grave and tranquil emperor.

The evening was approaching. I had passed the whole of the day among these grand and austere *souvenirs*; and, therefore, deemed it essential to take a walk in the open fields, to breathe the fresh air, and to watch the rays of the declining sun. I wandered along some dilapidated walls, entered a field, then some beautiful alleys, in one of which I seated myself. Aix-la-Chapelle lay extended before me, partly hid by the shades of evening, which were falling around. By degrees the fog gained the roofs of the houses, and shrouded the town steeples; then nothing

was seen but two huge masses, the Hôtel-de-Ville and the chapel. All the emotions, all the thoughts and visions which flitted across my mind during the day, now crowded upon me. The first of the two dark objects was to me only the birthplace of a child; the second was the resting-place of greatness. At intervals, in the midst of my reverie, I imagined that I saw the shade of this giant, whom we call Charlemagne, developing itself between this great cradle and still greater tomb.



COLOGNE.

LETTER X.

COLOGNE.—THE BANKS OF THE RHINE.—ANDERNACH.

Duez.—Cathedral of Cologne.—The peasantry.—The strolling musician.—Personifiers of the gods Goulu, Gluton, Goinfre, and Gouliaf.—Dome of the cathedral of Cologne.—Epitaph.—Tomb of the Three Wise Men of the East.—Destiny.—The Hôtel-de-Ville.—The three bas-reliefs.—The epic poet of Cologne.—Cologne at night.—Time and its effects.



MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am angry with myself. I passed through Cologne as a fool would, having remained there only forty-eight hours. At first I purposed staying a fortnight, but the rain, wind, and fog, which were in abundance for the last four days, gave way to a sun which, shedding in beauty its rays upon the scenery of the Rhine, induced me to embrace the opportunity of seeing this classic stream in all its riches, in all its loveliness, and with all its charms. I left Cologne this morning, leaving the city of Agrippa behind me, without seeing the old pictures of Saint-Marie-au-Capitole, or the Crucifixion of St. Peter, painted by Rubens for the church in which he was baptized, or the bones of the

ten thousand virgins in the cloisters of the Ursulines, or the silver sarcophagus of St. Cunibert, or the tomb of Duns Scotus, or the sepulchre of the Empress Theophanie, wife of Othon II., in the church of Saint Panteleon. In fact, the cathedral and the Hôtel-de-Ville were all that I saw.

The sun had set when we reached Cologne. I gave my luggage to a porter, with orders to carry it to an hotel at Duez, which is a little town on the opposite side of the Rhine, joined to Cologne by a bridge of boats; and then directed my steps towards the cathedral. Rather than ask my way, I wandered up and down the narrow streets, which night had all but obscured. At last I entered a gateway leading to a court, and came out on an open square,—dark and deserted. A magnificent spectacle now presented itself. Before me, in the fantastic light of a *crépusculaire* sky, rose, in the midst of a group of low houses, an enormous black mass, studded with pinnacles and belfries. A little farther was another, not quite so broad as the first, but higher; a kind of square fortress, flanked at its angles with four long detached towers, and having on its summit something resembling a huge feather. On approaching, I discovered that it was the cathedral of Cologne.

What appeared like a large feather was a crane, to which sheets of lead were appended, and which, from its workable appearance, indicated to passers-by that this unfinished temple may one day be completed; that the trunk of a belfry and church, so widely apart at present, may ere long be united; that the dream of Engelbert de Berg, which was realized into an edifice under Conrad de Hochsteden, may, in an age or two, be the greatest

cathedral in the world. This incomplete Iliad sees Homers in futurity.

The church was shut. I surveyed the steeples, and was startled at their dimensions. What I had taken for towers are the projections of the buttresses. Though only the first story is completed, the building is already nearly as high as the towers of Notre Dame at Paris. Should the spire, according to the plan, be placed upon this monstrous trunk, Strasburg would be, comparatively speaking, small by its side. It has always struck me that nothing resembles ruins more than an unfinished edifice. Briers, saxifrages, and pellitories,—indeed, all weeds that root themselves in the crevices and at the base of old buildings,—have besieged these venerable walls. Man only constructs what Nature in time destroys.

All was quiet; there was no one near to break the prevailing silence. I approached the façade, as near as the gate would permit me, and heard the countless shrubs gently rustling in the night breeze. A light which appeared at a neighbouring window cast its rays upon a group of exquisite statues,—angels and saints, reading or preaching, with a large open book before them. Admirable prologue for a church, which is nothing else than the *Word* made marble, brass, or stone! Swallows have fearlessly taken up their abode here, and their simple yet curious masonry contrasts strangely with the architecture of the building.

This was my first visit to the cathedral of Cologne.

By the bye, I have told you nothing of the road betwixt it and Aix-la-Chapelle. In fact, very little can be said;—a green plain, with an occasional oak and a few

poplar-trees, alone meet the eye. In the villages, the old female peasants, enveloped in long mantles, walk about like spectres ; while the young, clothed in short *jupons*, if not walking, are seen in a position equally interesting—on their knees, washing the door-steps. As for the men, they are decorated with blue smock-frocks and high-crowned hats, as if they were the peasants of a constitutional country.

Scarcely a single person was seen on the road ; the inclemency of the weather was, perhaps, the cause. A poor strolling musician passed, — a stick in one hand, and his cornet-à-piston in the other, — clothed in a blue coat, a fancy waistcoat, and white trousers, the bottoms turned up as high as the legs of his boots. The *pauvre diable*, from the knees upwards, was fitted out for a ball ; his lower extremities, however, were better suited for the road. In a little square village, in front of an *auberge*, I admired four jolly-looking travellers seated before a table loaded with flesh, fish, and wines. One was drinking, another cutting, a third eating, a fourth devouring, — like four personifications of Voraciousness and Gourmandism. It seemed to me as if I beheld the gods Goulu, Glouton, Goinfre, and Gouliaf, seated round a mountain of eatables.

The following morning I again visited the dome of the cathedral of Cologne. I examined the windows of this magnificent edifice, which are of the time of Maximilian, and painted with all the extravagance of the German Renaissance. On one of them is a representation of the genealogy of the Holy Virgin. At the bottom of the painting, Adam, in the costume of an emperor, is lying upon his back. A

large tree, which fills the whole pane, is growing out of his stomach, and on the branches appear all the crowned ancestors of Mary—David playing the harp, Solomon in pensiveness; and at the top of the tree a flower opens, and discloses the Virgin carrying the infant Jesus.

A few steps farther on I read this epitaph, which breathes sorrow and resignation :—

“INCLITVS ANTE FVI COMES EMVNDVS,
VOCITATVS, HIC NECE PROSTRATVS, SUB
TEGOR VT VOLVI. FRISHEM, SANCTE,
MEVM FERO, PETRE, TIBI COMITATVM
ET MIHI REDDE STATVM, TE PRECOR,
ETHEREVM HÆC. LAPIDVM MASSA
COMITIS COMPLECTITVR OSSA.”

I entered the church, and was struck with the choir. There are pictures of all epochs and of all forms; innumerable marble statues of bishops; chevaliers of the time of the crusades, their dogs lying lovingly at their feet; apostles clothed in golden robes; and tapestries painted from the designs of Rubens. Everything, it must be said, is shamefully demolished. If some one constructed the exterior of the cathedral of Cologne, I do not know who has demolished the interior. There is not a tomb entire, the figures being either broken off or mutilated. The flies revel on the venerable face of the Archbishop Philip of Heinsburg, and the man called Conrad of Hochsteden, the founder of this church, like Gulliver, in the Lilliputian tale, cannot at present crush the spiders that knit him to the ground. Alas! the bronze arm is nothing to the arm of flesh. I observed, in an obscure corner, the dismantled statue of an old man with a long beard; I believe it is that of Michael Angelo.

I will now mention the most venerable construction

which this church contains—that of the famed tomb of the Three Wise Men of the East.



The room is of marble, is rather large, and represents the styles of architecture of Louis the Thirteenth and Louis the Fourteenth. On raising our eyes, we perceive a *bas relief* representing the adoration of the three kings, and, underneath, the inscription—

“Corpora ranctorum recubant hic
terna magorum,

Ex his sublatum nihil est alibive locatum.”

This, then, is the resting-place of the three poetic kings of the east. I assure you there is no legend that pleases me so much as this of the *Mille et Une Nuits*. I approached the tomb, and perceived, in the shade, a massive *reliquaire*, sparkling with pearls, diamonds, and other precious stones, which seemed to relate the history of these three kings, *ab oriente venerunt*. In front of the tomb are three lamps, the one bearing the name of Gaspar, the other Melchior, and the third Balthazar. It is an ingenious idea to have—somehow illuminated—the names of the three wise men in front of the sepulchre.

On leaving, something pierced the sole of my boot. I looked downwards, and found that it was a large nail projecting from a square of black marble, upon which I was walking. After examining the stone, I remembered that Mary of Medicis had desired that her heart should

be placed under the pavement of the cathedral of Cologne, and before the tomb of the three kings. Formerly a bronze or brass plate, with an inscription, covered it; but when the French took Cologne, some revolutionist, or perhaps a rapacious brazier, seized it, as had been done by many others; for a host of brass nails, projecting from the marble, bespeak depredations of a similar nature. Alas, poor queen! She first saw herself effaced from the heart of Louis the Thirteenth, her son; then from the remembrance of Richelieu, her creature; and now she is effaced from the earth.

How strange are the freaks of destiny! Mary de Medicis, widow of Henry IV., exiled and abandoned, had a daughter, Henriette, widow of Charles the First, who died at Cologne in 1642, in the house where, sixty-five years before, Rubens, her painter, was born.

The dome of Cologne, when seen by day, appeared to me to have lost a little of its sublimity; it no longer had what I call *la grandeur crépusculaire* that the evening lends to huge objects; and I must say that the cathedral of Beauvais, which is scarcely known, and also unfinished, is not inferior, either in size or in detail, to the cathedral of Cologne.

The Hôtel-de-Ville, situated near the cathedral, is one of those singular edifices which have been built at different times, and which consist of all the styles of architecture seen in ancient buildings. The mode in which those edifices have been built forms rather an interesting study. Nothing is regular,—no fixed plan has been drawn out,—all has been built as necessity required.

Thus the Hôtel-de-Ville, which has, probably, some

Roman cave near its foundation, was, in 1250, only a structure similar to those of our edifices built with pillars. For the convenience of the night-watchman, and in order to sound the alarum, a steeple was required, and in the fourteenth century a tower was built. Under Maximilian a taste for elegant structures was everywhere spread, and the bishops of Cologne, deeming it essential to dress their city-house in new raiments, engaged an Italian architect, a pupil, most probably, of old Michael Angelo, and a French sculptor, a friend of young Jean Gujon, who adjusted upon the blackened façade of the thirteenth century a triumphant and magnificent porch. A few years expired, and they stood sadly in want of a *promenoir* by the side of the Registry. A back court was built, and galleries erected, which were sumptuously enlivened by heraldry and bas-reliefs. These I had the pleasure of seeing ; but, in a few years, no person will have the same gratification, for, without anything being done to prevent it, they are fast falling into ruins. At last, under Charles the Fifth, a large room for sales and for the assemblies of the citizens was required, and a tasteful building of stone and brick was added. Thus a *corps* of the thirteenth century, a belfry of the fourteenth, a porch and backcourt of the time of Maximilian, and a hall of that of Charles the Fifth, linked together in an original and pleasing manner, form the Hôtel-de-Ville of Cologne.

I went up to the belfry ; and under a gloomy sky, which harmonised with the edifice and with my thoughts, I saw at my feet the whole of this admirable town.

Cologne upon the Rhine, like Rouen upon the Seine, Anvers upon the Escaut,—in fact, like all towns through

which a large current of water flows,—has the appearance of an arch, the river forming the line.

From Thurmchen to Bayenthurme, the town, which extends upwards of a league on the banks of the river, displays a whole host of windows and façades. In the midst of roofs, turrets, and gables, the summits of twenty-four churches strike the eye, all of different styles, and each church, from its grandeur, worthy of the name of cathedral. If we examine the town *en détail*, all is stir, all is life. The bridge is crowded with passengers and carriages; the river is covered with sails. Here and there clumps of trees caress, as it were, the houses blackened by time; and the old stone hotels of the fifteenth century, with their long frieze of sculptured flowers, fruit, and leaves, upon which the dove, when tired, rests itself, relieve the monotony of the slate roofs and brick fronts which surround them.

Round this great town—mercantile from its industry, military from its position, marine from its river—is a vast plain that borders Germany, which the Rhine crosses at different places, and is crowned on the north-east by historic *croupes*—that wonderful nest of legends and traditions, called the “Seven Mountains.” Thus Holland and its commerce, Germany and its poetry—like the two great aspects of the human mind, the positive and the ideal—shed their beams upon the horizon of Cologne; a city, of business and of meditation.

After descending from the belfry I stopped in the yard before a handsome porch of the Renaissance, the second story of which is formed of a series of small triumphal arches, with inscriptions. The first is dedicated to Cæsar;

the second to Augustus; the third to Agrippa, the founder of Cologne; the fourth to Constantine, the Christian emperor; the fifth to Justine, the great legislator; and the sixth to Maximilian. Upon the façade, the poetic sculptor has chased three *bas reliefs*, representing the three lion-combatants, Milo of Crotona, Pepin-le-Bref, and Daniel. At the two extremities he has placed Milon de Crotona, attacking the lion by strength of body; and Daniel, subduing the lions by the power of mind. Between these is Pepin-le-Bref, conquering his ferocious antagonist with that mixture of moral and physical strength which distinguishes the soldier. Between pure strength and pure thought is courage; between the athletic and the prophet—the hero.

Pepin, sword in hand, has plunged his left arm, which is enveloped in his mantle, into the mouth of the lion: the animal stands, with extended claws, in that attitude which in heraldry represents the lion rampant; Pepin attacks it bravely, and vanquishes. Daniel is standing motionless, his arms by his side, and his eyes lifted up to heaven, the lions lovingly rolling at his feet. As for Milo de Crotona, he defends himself against the lion, which is in the act of devouring him. His blind presumption, has put too much faith in muscle, in corporeal strength. These three *bas reliefs* contain a world of meaning; the last produces a powerful effect. It is Nature avenging herself on the man whose only faith is in brute force.

As I was about to leave the town-house,—this spacious building—this dwelling, rich in legendary lore as well as in historical facts,—a man, in appearance older than he actually was, crooked from disposition more than from the

influence of age, crossed the yard. The person who conducted me to the belfry, in pointing him out, said—

“That man is a poet : he has composed several epics against Napoleon, against the Revolution of 1830, and against the French. The last, his *chef d'œuvre*, beseeches an architect to finish the church of Cologne in the same style as the Pantheon in Paris.”

Epics ! granted ! Nevertheless, this man, or poet, is the most unwashed-looking animal that ever I put eyes upon. I do not think we have anything in France that will bear a comparison with the epic poet of Cologne.

To make up for the opinion which this strange-looking animal had formed of us, a little old man, with a quick eye, came out of a barber's shop, in one—I do not know which—of the dark and obscure streets, and, guessing my country, from my appearance, came to me, shouting out—

“*Monsieur, Monsieur, fous, Français ! oh, les Français ! ran ! plan ! plan ! plan ! ran, tan, plan ! la guerre à toute le monde ! Prafes ! Prafes ! Napoleon, n'est-ce pas ? La guerre à toute l'Europe ! Oh, les Français, pien Prafes, Monsieur. La paionette au qui à tous ces Priciens, eine ponnea quilpите gomme à Iénâ. Prafo les Francais ! ran ! plan ! plan !*”

I must admit that this harangue pleased me. France is great in the recollection and in the hopes of these people. All on the banks of the Rhine love us—I had almost said wait for us.

In the evening, as the stars were shining, I took a walk upon the side of the river opposite to Cologne. Before me was the whole town, with its innumerable steeples

figuring in detail upon the pale western sky. To my left rose, like the giant of Cologne, the high spire of St. Martin's, with its two towers ; and, almost in front, the sombre abside-cathedral, with its many sharp-pointed spires, resembling a monstrous hedgehog ; the crane previously mentioned forming the tail, and near the base two lights, which appeared like eyes sparkling with fire. Nothing disturbed the stillness of the night but the rustling of the waters at my feet, the heavy tramp of a horse's hoofs upon the bridge, and the sound of a blacksmith's hammer. A long stream of fire that issued from the forge caused the adjoining windows to sparkle ; then, as if hastening to its opposite element, disappeared in the water.

From this grand and sombre *ensemble*, my thoughts took a melancholy turn, and, in a kind of reverie, I said to myself, " The *germaine* city has disappeared,—the city of Agrippa is no longer,—but the town of St. Engelbert still stands. How long will it be so ? Decay, more than a thousand years since, seized upon the temple built by Saint Helena ; the church constructed by the Archbishop Anno will fall. This town is demolished by its river. Scarcely a day passes but some old stone, some ancient relic, is detached by the commotion of the steam-boats. A town is not situated with impunity upon the great artery of Europe. Cologne, though not so old as Treves or Soleure, has already been thrice deformed and transformed, by the rapid and violent change of ideas to which it has been subjected. All is changing. The spirit of *positivism* and *utilitarianism*—for which the grovellers of

the present day are such strong advocates—penetrates and destroys. Architecture, old and reverential, gives way to modern “*good taste*.” Alas ! old cities are fast disappearing.

LETTER XI.

APROPOS OF THE HOUSE "IBACH."

Man's insignificancy.—His want of knowledge of himself—his love for those who injure him.—The House Ibach.—Marie de Medicis, Richelieu, and Louis the Thirteenth.



O my friend ! my dear friend ! what Nature does, perhaps Nature knows ; but one thing is certain, and I am not the only one who says so, that men know not what they do. Often in confronting history with the material world, in the midst of those comparisons which my mind draws between the events hidden by God and which time and creation partly disclose, I have secretly shuddered, when thinking that the forests, the lakes, the mountains, the sky, the stars, and the ocean, are things clear and terrible, abounding in light and full of science, and look, as it were, in disdain upon man—that haughty, presumptuous thing, whose arm is linked to impotence—that piece of vanity, blind in his own ignorance. It seems to me as if the tree was conscious of its fruit ; yet man knows nothing of his destiny.

The life of man and his understanding are at the mercy of a divine power, called by some, Providence,—by others, Chance, which blends, combines, and decomposes all; which conceals its workings in the clouds, and discloses the results in open day. We think we do one thing, whilst we do another, *urceus exit*. History affords copious proofs of this. When the husband of Catherine de Medicis, and the lover of Diane de Poitiers, allowed himself to be allured by Philippe Duc, the handsome *Piémontaise*, it was not only Diane d'Angoulême that he engendered, but it brought about the reconciliation of his son Henry the Third with his cousin Henry the Fourth. When Charles the Second of England hid himself, after the battle of Worcester, in the trunk of an oak, he only thought of concealment—something more was the result; he named a constellation "*The Royal Oak*," and gave Halley the opportunity of detracting from the fame of Tycho. Strange that the second husband of Madame de Maintenon in revoking the Edict of Nantes, and the parliament of 1688 in expelling James the Second, should bring about the singular battle of Almanza, where, face to face, were the French army, commanded by an Englishman, Marshal Berwick, and the English army, commanded by a Frenchman, Ruvigny, Lord Galloway. If Louis the Thirteenth had not died on the 14th of May, 1643, it would never have struck the old Count de Fontana to attack Rocroy, which gave an heroic prince of twenty-two the glorious opportunity of making the Duke d'Enghien the great Condé.

In the midst of all these strange and striking facts which load our chronologies, what singular and unfore-

seen occurrences ! what formidable counter-blows ! In 1664, Louis the Fourteenth, after the offence done to his ambassador, Crequi, caused the Corsicans to be banished from Rome ; a hundred and forty years afterwards Buonaparte exiled the Bourbons from France !

What shadows ! but still what light appears in the midst of the darkness ! About 1612, when Henry of Montmorency, then about seventeen years of age, saw among the servants of his father a pale and mean looking menial, Laubespine de Châteauneuf, bowing and scraping before him, who could have whispered in his ears that this page would become under-deacon, that this under-deacon would become the lord keeper of the great seal, that this keeper of the great seal would preside at the parliament of Toulouse, and that, at the expiration of twenty years, this “ deacon-president ” would surlily demand from the Pope permission to have his master, Henry the Second, Duke of Montmorency, Marshal of France, and peer of the kingdom, decapitated ? When the president of Thou so carefully added his clauses to the ninth edict of Louis the Eleventh, who could have told the monarch that this very edict, with Laubardemont for a handle, would be the hatchet with which Richelieu would strike off the head of his son ?

In the midst of all this chaos there are laws ; confusion is only on the surface, order is at the bottom. After long intervals frightful facts similar to those which astounded our fathers, come like comets, in all their terror, upon ourselves ; always the same ambushes—the same misfortunes ; always foundering upon the same coasts. The name alone changes—the deeds still continue. A few

days before the fatal treaty of 1814, the emperor might have said to his thirteen marshals—

"Amen dico vobis quia unus vestrum me traditurus est."

A Cæsar always cherishes a Brutus; a Charles the First prevents a Cromwell from going to Jamaica; a Louis the Sixteenth throws obstacles in the way of a Mirabeau, who is desirous of setting out for the Indies; queens whose deeds are characterized by cruelty are punished by ungrateful sons; all Agrippas beget Neros, who destroy those who gave them birth; a Mary of Medicis always engenders a Louis the Thirteenth, who banishes her.

You, without doubt, remark the strange turn my thoughts have taken—from one idea to another—to these two Italians—to these two women, Agrippina and Mary de Medicis, who are the spectres of Cologne. About sixteen hundred years ago, the daughter of Germanicus, mother of Nero, connected her name and memory with Cologne, as did, at a later date, the wife of Henry the Fourth and mother of Louis the Thirteenth. The first, who was born there, died by the poniard; the second expired at Cologne, from the effects of poison.

I visited, at Cologne, the house in which Mary of France breathed her last—the house Ibach according to some, and Jabach according to others; but, instead of relating what I saw, I will tell you the thoughts that flashed across my mind when there. Excuse me for not giving you all the local details, of which I am so fond; in fact, my friend, I am afraid that I have, ere this, fatigued you with my *festons* and my *astragales*. The unhappy queen died here, at the age of sixty-eight, on the 3rd of July, 1642.

She was exiled for eight years from France, had wandered everywhere, and was very expensive to the countries in which she stopped. When at London, Charles the First treated her with munificence, allowing her, the three years she resided there, a hundred pounds sterling per day. Afterwards—I must say it with regret—Paris returned that hospitality to Henrietta, daughter of Henry the Fourth and widow of Charles the First, by giving her a garret in the Louvre, where she often remained in bed for want of the comforts of a fire, anxiously expecting a few louis that the *coadjuteur* had promised to lend her. Her mother, the widow of Henry the Fourth, experienced the same misery at Cologne.

How strange and striking are these details ! Marie de Medicis was not long dead when Richelieu ceased to live, and Louis the Thirteenth expired the following year. For what good was the inveterate hatred that existed between these three mortal beings ? for what end so much intrigue, quarrelling, and persecution ?—God alone knows. All three died almost at the same hour.

There is still something remaining of a mysterious nature about Mary de Medicis. I have always been horrified at the terrible sentence that the President Henault, probably without intention, wrote upon this queen :—

“ Elle ne fut pas assez surprise de la mort de Henri IV.”

I must admit that all this tends to shed a lustre upon that admirable epoch, the glorious reign of Louis the Fourteenth. The darkness that obscured the beginning of that century contrasted admirably with the brilliancy of its close. Louis the Fourteenth was not only, as Richelieu, powerful, but he was majestic ; not only, as Cromwell,

great, but in him was serenity. Louis the Fourteenth was not, perhaps, the genius in the master, but genius surrounded him. This may lessen a king in the eyes of some, but it adds to the glory of his reign. As for me, as you already know, I love that which is absolute, which is perfect; and therefore have always had a profound respect for this grave and worthy prince, so well-born, so much loved, and so well surrounded; a king in his cradle, a king in the tomb; true sovereign in every acceptation of the word; central monarch of civilization; pivot of Europe; seeing, so to speak, from tour to tour, eight popes, five sultans, three emperors, two kings of Spain, three kings of Portugal, four kings and one queen of England, three kings of Denmark, one queen and two kings of Sweden, four kings of Poland, and four czars of Muscovy, appear, shine forth, and disappear around his throne; polar star of an entire age, who, during seventy-two years, saw all the constellations majestically perform their evolutions round him.

LETTER XII.

A FEW WORDS RESPECTING THE WALDRAF MUSEUM.

Schleis Kotten.—“Stretching-out-of-the-hand system,” or, travelling contingencies.—Recapitulation.



ESIDES the cathedral, the Hôtel-de-Ville, and the Ibach House, I visited Schleis Kotten, the vestiges of the subterranean aqueduct which, at the time of the Romans, led from Cologne to Travers. Traces of it are at the present day to be seen in thirty-two villages. In Cologne I inspected the Waldraf Museum, and am almost tempted to give you an inventory of all I saw, but I will spare you. Suffice it to know, that, if I did not find the war-chariot of the ancient Germans, the famed Egyptian mummy, or the grand culverin founded at Cologne in 1400, I saw a very fine sarcophagus, and the armory of Bernard Bishop of Galen. I was also shown an enormous cuirass, which was said to have been the property of Jean de Wert, a general of the empire; but I sought in vain for his sword, which measured eight feet and a

half in length; his immense pike, likened to the pine of Polyphemus; and his large helmet, that, as it is said, took two men to raise it.

The pleasure of seeing all these curiosities—museums, churches, town-houses, &c.—is alloyed by the everlastingly extended hand—pay, pay. Upon the borders of the Rhine, as at other places much frequented, the stranger is obliged to have his hand in constant communication with his pocket. The purse of the traveller—that precious article—is to him everything, since hospitality is no longer seen receiving the weary voyager with soft words and cordial looks. I will give you an idea of the extent to which the stretching-out-of-the-hand system is carried on among the *intelligents naturels* of this country. Remember, there is no exaggeration—only the truth.

On entering a town, an understrapper ascertains the hotel that you intend putting up at, asks for your passport, takes it, and puts it into his pocket. The horses stop; you look round, and find that you are in a courtyard—that your present journey is terminated. The driver, who has not exchanged a word with any one during the journey, alights, opens the door, and extends his hand with an air of modesty—"Remember the driver." A minute elapses: the postilion presents himself, and makes an harangue, which signifies, "Don't forget me." The luggage is uncorded; a tall, fleshless animal sets your portmanteau gently upon the ground, with your nightcap on the top of it; so much trouble "must be rewarded." Another creature, more curious perhaps than the latter, puts your chattels upon a wheelbarrow, asks the name

of the hotel you have fixed upon, then runs before you, pushing his shapeless machine. No sooner arrived at the hotel than the host approaches, and begins a dialogue, which ought to be written in all languages upon the doors of the respective auberges.

“ Good day, sir.”

“ If you have a spare room, I should like to engage it.”

“ Very well, sir. Thomas, conduct the gentleman to No. 4.”

“ I should like something to eat.”

“ Immediately, sir, immediately.”

You go to No. 4, where you find your luggage has arrived. A man appears; it is the person who conveyed the luggage to the hotel. “ The porter, Sir.” A second makes his appearance; what the devil does he want? It is the person who carried your luggage into the room. You say to him—

“ Very well; I shall pay you, on leaving, with the other servants.”

“ Monsieur,” the man replies, with a supplicating air, “ I don’t belong to the hotel.”

There is no alternative—“disburse.” You take a walk; a handsome church presents itself. You cannot think of passing it: no, no, you must go in, for it is not every day you meet such a structure. You walk round, gazing at everything; at last a door meets your view. Jesus says, “ *Compelle intrare* ;” the priests ought to keep the doors open, but the beadles shut them, in order to gain a few sous. An old woman, who has perceived your embarrassment, comes and shows you a bell by the side of a small wicket; you ring, the wicket is opened, and the beadle stands before you.

“Can I see the interior of the church?”

“Certainly,” the old man replies, a sort of grim smile lighting up his grave countenance.

He draws out a bunch of keys, and directs his steps towards the principal entrance. Just as you are about to go in, something seizes you by the skirt of your coat; you turn round; it is the obliging old woman, whom you have forgotten, ungrateful wretch! to reward—“pay!” You at last find yourself in the interior of the church; you contemplate, admire, and are struck with wonder.

“Why is that picture covered with a green cloth?”

“Because,” the beadle replies, “it is the most beautiful painting in the church.”

“What!” you say, in astonishment, “the best picture hidden! elsewhere it is exposed to view. Who is it by?”

“Rubens.”

“I should like to see it.”

The beadle leaves you, and in a few minutes returns with an old pensive looking individual by his side: it is the churchwarden. This worthy personage presses a spring, the curtain draws, and you behold the picture. The painting seen, the curtain closes, and the churchwarden bows significantly—“Pay, pay.” On continuing your walk in the church, preceded by the beadle, you arrive at the door of the choir, before which a man has taken up his stand in “patient expectation.” It is a Swiss who has the charge of the choir. You walk round it, and, on leaving, your attentive cicerone graciously salutes you—“Only a trifle.” You find yourself again with the beadle, and soon after pass before the sacristy.

O, wonder of wonders ! The door is open. You enter, and find a sexton. The beadle retires, for the other must be left alone with his prey. The sexton smiles, shows you the urns, the ecclesiastical ornaments and decorated windows, bishops' mitres, and, in a box, a skeleton of some saint dressed as a troubadour. You have seen the sacristy, therefore "must pay." The beadle again appears, and leads you to the ladder that conducts to the tower. A view from the steeple must be truly delightful. You decide on going up. The beadle pushes a door open; you climb up about thirty steps, then you find that a door which is locked prevents your proceeding farther. You look back, and are surprised that the beadle is no longer with you—that you are alone. What's to be done? You knock; a face appears; it is that of the bellman. He opens the door, for which kind action—"Pay." You proceed on your way—are delighted to find yourself alone—that the bellman has not followed. You then begin to enjoy the pleasure of solitude, and arrive with a light heart at the high platform of the tower. You look about, come and go, admire the blue sky, the smiling country, and the immense horizon. Suddenly you perceive an unknown animal walking by your side: then your ears are dinned with things that you know, and, perhaps, care little about. It turns out to be the *explicateur*, who fills the high office of explaining to the stranger the magnificence of the steeple, the church, and the surrounding country. This man is ordinarily a stut-terer, sometimes deaf; you do not listen to him; you forget him, in contemplating the churches, the streets, the trees, the rivers, and the hills. When you have seen

all, you think of descending, and direct your steps to the top of the ladder. The bellman is there before you—"Pay."

"Very well," you say, fingering your purse, which is momentarily dissolving; "how much must I give you?"

"I am charged two francs for each person, which go to the church revenue; but, sir, you must give me a trifle for my trouble."

You descend; the beadle makes his appearance, and conducts you with respect to the door of the church. So much trouble cannot fail to be well rewarded.

You return to your hotel, and have scarcely entered when you see a person approaching you with a familiar air, and who is totally a stranger to you. It is the understrapper who took your passport, and who now returns with it—to be paid. You dine, the hour of your departure comes, and a servant brings you in the bill—Pay; also a consideration for the trouble of taking the money. An hostler carries your portmanteau to the diligence—you must remember him. You get into the vehicle; you set off; night falls: you begin the same course to-morrow.

Let us recapitulate. Something to the driver, a trifle to the postilion, the porter, the man who does not belong to the hotel, to the old woman, to Rubens, to the Swiss, to the sexton, to the bellman, to the church revenue, to the beadle, to the passport-keeper, to the servants, and to the hostler. How many *pays* do you call that in a day? Remember, every one must be silver; copper is looked upon here with the greatest contempt, even by a bricklayer's clerk.

To this ingenious people the traveller is a sack of

crowns, which the good inhabitants, in order to reduce the bulk as soon as possible, are ever shaking. The government itself occasionally claims a share of the spoil ; it takes your trunk and portmanteau, places them upon its shoulders, and offers you its hand. In large towns the porters pay to the royal treasure twelve sous two liards for each traveller. I was not a quarter of an hour at Aix-la-Chapelle before I had given my mite to the King of Prussia.

LETTER XIII.

ANDERNACH.

A view from Andernach.—Village of Luttersdorf.—Cathedral.—Its relics.—Andernach castle.—Inscription.—The Tomb of Hoche.—Gothic church and inscription.



STILL write to you from ANDERNACH, where I have been stopping for the last three days: it is an ancient municipal town, situated upon the banks of the Rhine. The *coup-d'œil* from my window is truly charming. Before me, at the foot of a high hill, which obscures from my view part of the blue sky, is a handsome tower of the thirteenth century; to my right the Rhine, and the charming little white village of Leutersdorf, half hidden among the trees; and to my left the four steeples of a magnificent church. Under my window children are playing, the noise of their prattlings mingling with the quacking of geese and the chuckling of hens.



I visited the church on the day of my arrival, the interior of which is, notwithstanding the hideous manner that some one has plastered it, rather handsome. The Emperor Valentinian, and a child of Frederick Barberousse, were interred in this church, but neither inscriptions nor tombstones indicate the place where they were buried. Our Saviour at the tomb; a few statues, life size, of the fifteenth century, and a chevalier of the sixteenth, leaning against a wall; several figures; the fragments of a mausoleum of the Renaissance, were all that the smiling humpbacked bellringer could show me for a little piece of silvered copper which passes here for thirty sous.

I must tell you a little adventure which I had—an incident that has left on my mind the impression of a sombre dream.

On leaving the church I walked round the city. The sun was setting behind the high hills that, in seeming pride and pristine glory, look down upon the Rhine, on the imperial tomb of Valentinian, on the abbey of Saint Thomas, and which now see falling, stone by stone, the old walls of the feudal town of the Electors of Treves.

I pursued my way by the side of the moat that skirts the dilapidated walls, the fallen stones of which serve as seats and tables for half-naked urchins to play upon, and

in the evening for young men to tell their fair *bergères* the achings of their wedded hearts. The formidable castle, that was once the defence of Andernach, is now an immense ruin ; and the court, once the seat of war, is now covered with grass, upon which women bleach in summer the cloth that they have woven in winter.

After leaving the outer gate of Andernach, I found myself upon the banks of the Rhine. The night was calm and serene, and nature had lulled itself to sleep. Shepherdesses came to drink from the clear stream, then in mirth ran away to hide themselves among the osieries. Before me a white village was all but lost in the distance, and towards the east, at the extreme border of the horizon, the full moon, red and round like the eye of a Cyclop, appeared between two clouds.

How often have I walked thus, unconscious of all save the beauties which nature presented, alive only to that dame who has so great a sway over the sensitive mind ! I knew not where I was, nor where I was straying ; and when I awoke from my reverie I found myself at the foot of a rising ground, crowned at the summit by some stonework. I approached, and was somewhat startled on finding a tomb. Whose was it ? I walked round trying to discover the name of the person whom it memorialized, and at last perceived the following inscription in brass letters :—

“ L’Armée de Sambre et Meuse à son Général en chef.”

Above these two lines I saw, by means of the moon, which was shining brightly, the name—HOCHÉ. The letters had been taken away, but had left their imprint upon the granite.

That name, in this place, at such an hour, and seen by such a light, had a strange, an inexpressible effect upon me. Hoche was always a favourite of mine: he, like Marceau, was one of those young men who preluded Buonaparte in an attempt which was all but successful. This, then, I thought, is the resting-place of Hoche, and the well-remembered date of the 18th of April, 1797, flashed across my memory.

I looked around me, endeavouring, but in vain, to identify the spot. To the north was a vast plain; to the south, about the distance of a gun-shot, the Rhine; and at my feet, at the base of this tomb, was a small village.

At that moment a man passed a few steps from the monument. I asked him the name of the village, and he answered, while disappearing behind a hedge, "Weiss Thurm."

These two words signify White Tower. I then remembered *Turris Alba* of the Romans, and was proud to find that Hoche had died in an illustrious place. It was here that Cæsar, two thousand years ago, first crossed the Rhine.

It is impossible for me to tell you my inward feelings while contemplating the tomb of this great man. Compassion seized my heart. Can such be the resting-place of this illustrious warrior, seemingly forgotten by his countrymen, unheeded by the stranger? This tomb, built by his army, is at the mercy of the passer-by. The French general sleeps in a bean-field far from his country, and Prussian bricklayers make whatever use it pleases them of his tomb!

It seemed to me as if I heard a voice coming from the

heap of stones, saying, "France must again possess the Rhine!"

ANDERNACH is a lovely place, with which I was truly delighted. From the top of the hills the eye embraces an immense circle, extending from Siebengeburge to the crests of Ehrenbreitstein. Here there is not a stone of an edifice that has not its *souvenir*, not a single view in the country that has not its beauty and its graces; and, what is more, the countenances of the inhabitants have that frank and open expression which fails not to create delight in the heart of the traveller. Andernach is a charming town, notwithstanding Andernach is a deserted place. Nobody goes where history, nature, and poetry abound; Coblentz, Bade, and Mannheim are now the exclusive resorts of *sophisticated* tourists.

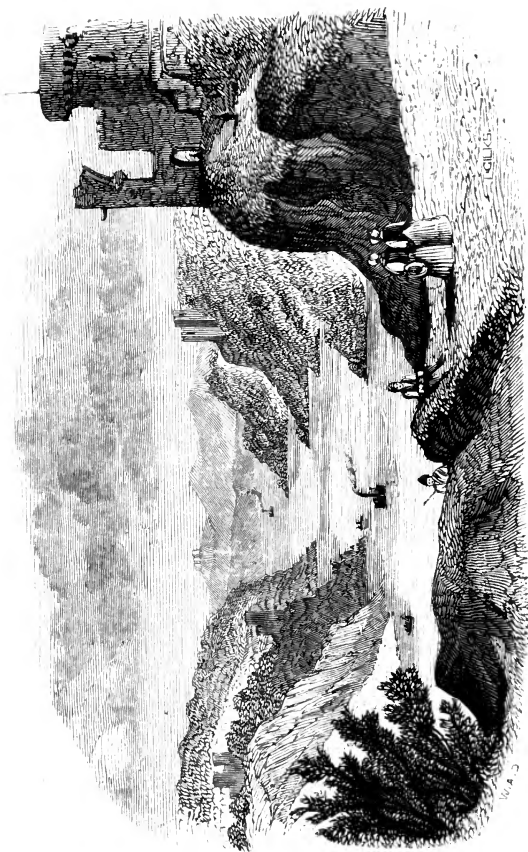
I went a second time to the church. The Byzantine decoration of the steeples is rich, and of a taste at once rude and exquisite. The chapitres of the southern portal are very curious; there is a representation of the Crucifixion still perfectly visible upon the pediment, and on the façade a *bas-relief*, representing Jesus on his knees, with his arms wildly extended: on all sides of him lie scattered about, as if in a frightful dream, the mantle of derision, the sceptre of reeds, the crown of thorns, the rod, the pincers, the hammer, the nails, the ladder, the spear, the sponge filled with gall, the sinister profile of the hardened thief, the livid countenance of Judas; and before the eyes of the divine Master is the cross, and at a little distance the cock crowing, reminding him of the ingratitude and abandonment of his friend. This last idea is sublime: there is depicted that moral sufferance which is more acute than the physical.

The gigantic shadows of the two steeples darken this sad elegy. Round the bas-relief the sculptor has engraved the following expressive words:—

“ *O vos omnes qui transitis per viam, attendite et videte si est dolor similis sicut dolor meus.* 1538.”

There is another handsome church at Andernach, of Gothic structure, which is now transformed into an immense stable for Prussian cavalry. By the half-open door we perceive a long row of horses, which are lost in the shadows of the chapel. Above the door are the words “ *Sancta Maria ora pro nobis;*” which is not exactly an apropos inscription to the abode of horses.





THE RHINE.

LETTER XIV.

THE RHINE.

The Rhine at evening.—Contrast of the Rhine with other rivers.—The first people who took possession of the banks of the Rhine.—Titus and the Twenty-second Legion.—Singular coincidence.—The different phases of the Rhingau.—Mysterious populations of the Rhine.—Civilization.—Pepin-le-Bref, Charlemagne, and Napoleon.



YOU know, for I have often told you, that I love rivers ; they do more than bear merchandize—ideas float along their surface. Rivers, like clarions, sing to the ocean of the beauty of the land, the fertility of the plains, the splendour of cities, and of the glory man.

I have also told you, that of all rivers I prefer the Rhine. It is now a year, when passing the bridge of boats at Kehl, since I first saw it. I remember that I felt a certain respect, a sort of adoration, for this old, this classic stream. I never think of rivers—those great works of nature, which are also great things in history,—without emotion.

You remember, my friend, the Rhone at Valserine :

we saw it together, in 1825, in our pleasant excursion to Switzerland, which is one of the sweet recollections of the happy moments of my life. We were then only twenty years of age. Do you remember with what noise, with what ferocious bellowing, the Rhone precipitated itself into the gulf, whilst the frail bridge upon which we were standing was shaking beneath our feet? Ah! well! since that time, the Rhone brings to my mind the idea of a tiger,—the Rhine that of a lion.

The evening on which I saw the Rhine for the first time I was impressed with the same idea. For several minutes I stood contemplating this proud and noble river—violent, but not furious; wild, but still majestic. It was swollen, and was magnificent in appearance, when I crossed it, and was washing with its yellow mane, or, as Boileau says, its “slimy beard,” the bridge of boats. Its two banks were lost in the twilight, and, though its roaring was loud, still there was tranquillity.

Yes, my friend, the Rhine is a noble river—feudal, republican, imperial—worthy, at the same time, of France and of Germany. The whole history of Europe is combined within its two great aspects—in this flood of the warrior and of the thinker—in this proud stream, which causes France to bound, and by whose profound murmurings Germany is bewildered in dreams.

The Rhine is unique; it combines the qualities of every river. Like the Rhone, it is rapid; broad, like the Loire; encased, like the Meuse; serpentine, like the Seine; limpid and green, like the Somme; historical, like the Tiber; royal, like the Danube; mysterious, like the Nile; spangled with gold, like an American river;

and, like a river of Asia, abounding with phantoms and fables.

Before the commencement of history, perhaps before the existence of man, where the Rhine now is there was a double chain of volcanoes, which on their extinction left heaps of lava and basalt lying parallel, like two long walls. At the same epoch the gigantic crystallizations formed the primitive mountains; the enormous alluvions of which the secondary mountains consist were dried up; the frightful heap which is now called the Alps grew gradually cold, and snow accumulated on them, from which two great streams issued, the one,—flowing towards the north, crossed the plains, encountered the sides of the extinguished volcanoes, and emptied itself into the ocean; the other, taking its course westward, fell from mountain to mountain, flowed along the side of that block of extinguished volcanoes which is now called Ardeche, and was finally lost in the Mediterranean. The first of those inundations is the Rhine, and the second the Rhone.

From historical records we find that the first people who took possession of the banks of the Rhine were the half-savage Celts, who were afterwards named Gauls by the Romans. When Rome was in its glory, Cæsar crossed the Rhine, and shortly afterwards the whole of the river was under the jurisdiction of this great empire. When the Twenty-second Legion returned from the siege of Jerusalem, Titus sent it to the banks of the Rhine, where it continued the work of Martius Agrippa. The conquerors required a town to join Melibocus to Taunus; and Moguntiacum, begun by Martius, was

planned by the Legion, then enlarged by Trajan, and embellished by Adrian. Singular coincidence ! and which we must note in passing. This Twenty-second Legion brought with it Crescentius, who was the first that carried the word of God into the Rhingau, and founded the new religion. God ordained that these ignorant men, who had pulled down the last stone of his temple upon the Jordan, should lay the first of another upon the banks of the Rhine. After Trajan and Adrian came Julian, who erected a fortress upon the confluence of the Rhine and the Moselle ; then Valentinian, who built a number of castles. Thus, in a few centuries, Roman colonies, like an immense chain, linked the whole of the Rhine.

At length the time arrived when Rome was to assume another aspect. The incursions of the northern hordes were eventually too frequent and of too powerful a character for Rome, and about the sixth century the banks of the Rhine were strewed with Roman ruins, as it is at present with feudal ones.

Charlemagne cleared away the rubbish, built fortresses, and opposed the German hordes ; but, notwithstanding all that he did, notwithstanding his desire to do more, Rome died, and the physiognomy of the Rhine was changed.

Already, as I before mentioned, an unperceived germ was sprouting in the Rhingau. Religion, that divine eagle, began to spread its wings, and deposited amongst the rocks an egg that contained the germ of a world. Saint Apollinaire, following the example of Crescentius, who, in the year 70, preached the word of God at

Taunus, visited Rigomagum. Saint Martin, Bishop of Tours, catechised Confluentia ; Saint Materne, before visiting Tongress, resided at Cologne. At Treves Christians began to suffer the death of martyrdom, and their ashes were swept away by the wind ; but these were not lost, for they became seeds, which were germinating in the fields during the passage of the barbarians, although nothing at that time was seen of them.

After an historical period the Rhine became linked with the marvellous. Where the noise of man is hushed, Nature lends a tongue to the nests of birds, causes the caves to whisper, and the thousand voices of solitude to murmur : where historical facts cease, imagination gives life to shadows and reality to dreams. Fables took root, grew, and blossomed in the voids of history, like weeds and brambles in the crevices of a ruined palace.

Civilization, like the sun, has its nights and its days, its plenitudes and its eclipses ; now it disappears, but soon returns.

As soon as civilization again dawned upon Taunus, there were upon the borders of the Rhine a whole host of legends and fabulous stories. Populations of mysterious beings, who inhabited the now dismantled castles, had held communion with the *belles filles* and *beaux chevaliers* of the place. Spirits of the rocks ; black hunters, crossing the thickets upon stags with six horns ; the maid of the black fen ; the six maidens of the red marshes ; Wodan, the god with ten hands ; the twelve black men ; the raven that croaked its song ; the devil who placed his stone at Teufelstein and his ladder at Teufelsleiter, and

who had the effrontery to preach publicly at Gernsbach, near the Black Forest, but, happily, the word of God was heard at the other side of the stream; the demon Urian, who crossed the Rhine at Dusseldorf, having upon his back the banks that he had taken from the sea-shore, with which he intended to destroy Aix-la-Chapelle, but, being fatigued with his burden, and deceived by an old woman, he stupidly dropped his load at the imperial city, where that bank is at present pointed out, and bears the name of Loosberg. At that epoch, which for us was plunged into a penumbra, when magic lights were sparkling here and there, when the rocks, the woods, the valleys, were tenanted by apparitions: mysterious encounters, infernal castles, melodious songs sung by invisible songstresses; and frightful bursts of laughter emanating from mysterious passengers,—these, with a host of other adventures, shrouded in impossibility, and holding on by the heel of reality, come and go in the legends.

At last these phantoms disappeared as day burst in upon them. Civilization again resumed its sway, and fiction gave place to fact. The Rhine then assumed another aspect: abbeys and convents increased; churches were built along the banks of the river. The ecclesiastic princes multiplied the edifices in the Rhingau, as the prefects of Rome had done before them.

The sixteenth century approached: in the fourteenth the Rhine witnessed, not far from it, the invention of artillery; and on its left bank, at Strasbourg, a printing-office was first established. In 1400 the famous cannon, fourteen feet in length, was cast at Cologne; and in 1472 Vindelin de Spire printed his Bible. A new world was

making its appearance ; and, strange to say, it was upon the banks of the Rhine that those two mysterious tools with which God unceasingly works out the civilization of man,—the catapult and the book—war and thought,—took a new form.

The Rhine, in the destinies of Europe, has a sort of providential signification. It is the great moat which divides the north from the south. The Rhine has seen the forms and reflected the shadows of almost all the warriors for thirty ages, who tilled the old continent with that share which they called a sword. Cæsar crossed the Rhine in going to the south ; Attila crossed it when descending to the north. It was here that Clovis gained the battle of Tolbiac ; and that Charlemagne and Napoleon figured. Frederick Barberousse, Rodolph de Hapsbourg, and Frederick the First, were great, victorious, and formidable when here. For the thinker, who is conversant with history, two great eagles are perpetually hovering over the Rhine—that of the Roman legions, and the eagle of the French regiments.

The Rhine—that noble flood, which the Romans named *Rhenus superbus*, bore at one time upon its surface bridges of boats, over which the armies of Italy, Spain, and France poured into Germany, and which, at a later date, were made use of by the hordes of barbarians when rushing into the ancient Roman world : at another, on its surface it floated peaceably the fir-trees of Murg and of Saint Gall, the porphyry and the marble of Bale, the salt of Karlshall, the leather of Stromberg, the quicksilver of Lansberg, the wine of Johannisberg, the slates of Coab, the cloth and earthenware of Wallendar, the silks and

linens of Cologne. It majestically performs its double function of flood of war and flood of peace, having, without interruption, upon the ranges of hills which embank the most notable portion of its course, oak-trees on one side and vine-trees on the other—signifying strength and joy.

For Homer the Rhine existed not; for Virgil it was only a frozen stream—*Frigora Rheni*; for Shakspeare it was the “beautiful Rhine;” for us it is, and will be till the day when it shall become the grand question of Europe, a picturesque river, the resort of the unemployed of Ems, of Baden, and of Spa.

Petrarch visited Aix-la-Chapelle, but I do not think he has spoken of the Rhine.

The left bank belongs naturally to France: Providence, at three different periods, gave it its two banks—under Pepin-le-Bref, Charlemagne, and Napoleon. The empire of Pepin-le Bref comprised, properly speaking, France, with the exception of Aquitaine and Gascony, and Germany as far as Bavaria. The empire of Charlemagne was twice as large as that of Napoleon.

It is true that Napoleon had three empires, or, more plainly speaking, was emperor in three ways,—immediately and directly of France, and, by his brothers, of Italy, Westphalia, and Holland. Taken in this sense, the empire of Napoleon was at least equal to that of Charlemagne.

These emperors were Titans; they held for a moment the universe in their hands, but Death caused them to relax their hold, and all fell.

The Rhine has had four distinct phases—first, the antediluvian epoch, volcanoes; second, the ancient historical

epoch, in which Cæsar shone; third, the marvellous epoch, in which Charlemagne triumphed; fourth, the modern historical epoch, when Germany wrested with France—when Napoleon for a time held his sway.

And now, to conclude my observations. The Rhine—providential flood—seems to be a symbolic stream. In its windings, in its course, in the midst of all that it traverses, it is, so speaking, the image of civilization, to which it has been so useful, and which it will still serve. It flows from Constance to Rotterdam; from the country of eagles to the village of herrings; from the city of popes, of councils, and of emperors, to the counter of the merchant and of the citizen; from the great Alps themselves, to that immense body of water which we term *ocean*.

LETTER XV.

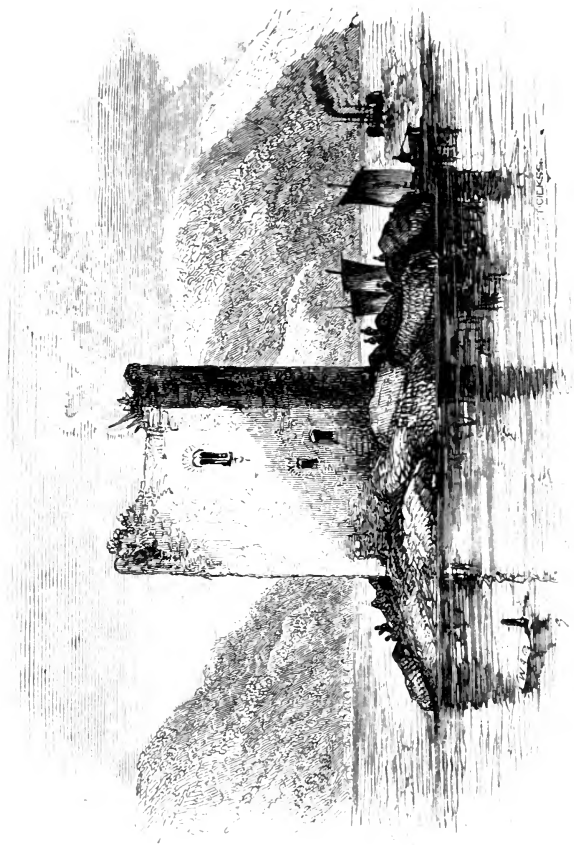
THE MOUSE.

Velmich.—Legend of the priest and the silver bell.—Giant's tomb.—
Explanation of the Mouse.—The solitary inhabitant of the ruin.



ON Saturday last it rained the whole of the morning. I had taken my passage to Andernach by the Stadt Mannheim; but had not proceeded far up the Rhine, when suddenly—I do not know by what caprice, for ordinarily upon the lake of Constance the south-west winds, the Favonius of Virgil and of Horace, bring storms—the immense opaque cloud which pended over our heads, burst, and began to disperse itself in all directions. Shortly after, a blue vault appeared; and a warm ray of noon caused the travellers to leave the cabin and hurry to the deck.

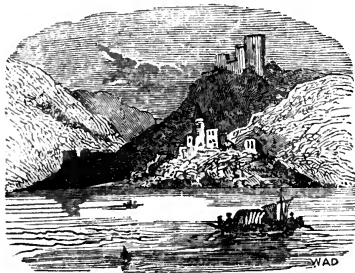
At that moment we passed—with vines on the one side, and oaks on the other—an old and picturesque village on the right bank of the river. It was that of Vel-



AIOOSH TOWER.

mich, above which rose, almost vertically, one of those enormous banks of lava that resemble the cupola in its immeasurable proportions, or the fissure of the trunk of a tree when half chopped by the hatchet of the woodman. Upon this volcanic mound stands the ruin of a superb feudal fortress. On the borders of the river a group of young women were busily chatting and beating their linen in the rays of the sun.

This sight was too tempting. I could not pass without paying the ruin a visit; for I knew that it was that of Velmich—the least esteemed and least frequented upon the Rhine.



For the traveller, it is difficult to approach, and some say, dangerous; for the peasant, it abounds with spectacles, and is the object of frightful tales. It is infested with living flames,

which hide themselves by day in subterraneous vaults, and at night become visible on the summit of the round tower. This enormous turret is an immense pit, which descends far beneath the level of the Rhine. A Seigneur of Velmich, called Falkenstein,—a name fatal in the legends,—threw into this aperture, unshriven, whomsoever he pleased: it is now the troubled souls of those that were thus murdered who inhabit the castle. There was, at that epoch, in the steeple of Velmich, a silver bell,

which was given by Winifred, Bishop of Mayenne, in the year 740,—memorable time, when Constantine the Sixth was emperor of Rome, at Constantinople. This bell was once rung for the prayers of forty hours when a lord of Velmich was seriously ill and his life despaired of. Falkenstein, who did not believe in God, and who even doubted the existence of the devil, being in want of money, cast an envious look upon the handsome bell. He caused it to be taken from the church and brought to him. The prior of Velmich was much affected at the sacrilege, and went, in sacerdotal habiliments, preceded by two children of the choir bearing the cross, to demand the bell. Falkenstein burst into a fit of laughter, crying—

“ Ah, ah! you wish to have your bell, do you? Well, you shall have it; and I warrant it will never leave you more.”

Thereupon, the bell was tied round the priest's neck; and both were thrown into the pit of the tower. Then, upon the order of Falkenstein, large stones were thrown into the pit, filling up about sixty yards of it. A few days afterwards, Falkenstein fell ill; and when night came, the doctor and the astrologer, who were watching, heard with terror the knell of the silver bell coming from the depths of the earth. Next morning Falkenstein died. Since that time, as regularly as the years roll over, the silver bell is heard ringing under the mountains, warning the inhabitants of the anniversary of the death of Falkenstein. So runs the legend.

On the neighbouring mountain—that on the other side of the torrent of Velmich—is the tomb of an ancient giant; for the imagination of man—he who has seen volcanoes, the

great forges of nature—has put Cyclops wherever the mountains smoked, giving to every Etna its Polyphemus.

I began to ascend the ruins between the *souvenir* of Falkenstein and that of the giant. I must tell you that the best way was pointed out to me by the children of the village, for which service I allowed them to take some of the silver and copper coins of those people from my purse; things the most fantastic, yet still the most intelligible in the world.

The road is steep, but not at all dangerous, except to people subject to giddiness; or, perhaps, after excessive rains, when the ground and rocks are slippery. One thing sure is, that this ruin has one advantage over others upon the Rhine—that of being less frequented.

No officious person follows you in your ascent; no exhibitor of spectres asks you to “remember him;” no rusty door stops you on your way: you climb, stride over the old ladder, hold on by tufts of grass; no one helps, nor no one annoys you. At the expiration of twenty minutes I reached the summit of the hill, and stopped at the threshold of the ruin. Behind me was a steep ladder formed of green turf; before me, a lovely landscape; at my feet, the village; beyond the village, the Rhine, crowned by sombre mountains and old castles; and round and above the mountains, a bright blue sky.

Having taken breath, I began to ascend the steep staircase. At that instant the dismantled fortress appeared to me with such a tattered aspect—an aspect so wild and formidable—that I should not have been the least surprised

to have seen some supernatural form carrying flowers ;— for instance, Gela, the betrothed of Barberousse ; or Hildegarde, the wife of Charlemagne, that amiable empress, who was well acquainted with the occult virtues of herbs and minerals, and whose foot often trod the mountains when she was in search of medicinal plants. I looked for a moment towards the north wall, with a sort of vague desire to see start from the stones a host of hobgoblins,—which are “all over the north,” as the gnome said to Cunon of Sayn,—or the three little old women singing the legendary song,—

“ Sur la tombe du géant
J’ai cueilli trois brins d’orties :
En fil les ai converties ;
Prenez, ma sœur, ce présent.”

But I was forced to content myself without seeing or even hearing anything except the notes of a blackbird perched upon some adjoining rock.

I entered the ruins. The round tower, although the summit is partly dismantled, is of a prodigious elevation. On all sides are immense walls with shattered windows, rooms without doors or roofs, floors without stairs, and stairs without chambers. I have often admired the carefulness with which Solitude keeps, encloses, and defends that which man has once abandoned. She barricades and thicksets the threshold with the strongest briars, the most stinging plants, nettles, brambles, thorns—showing more nails and talons than are in a menagerie of tigers.

But Nature is beautiful even in her strangest freaks ; and the wild flowers—some in bud, others in blossom, and

some garbed in autumnal foliage—present an entanglement at once startling and beautiful. On this side are blue bells and scarlet berries ; on that are the hawthorn, gentian, strawberry, thyme, and sloe-tree. To my right is a subterraneous passage, the roof falling in ; and to my left is a tower without any visible aperture. Secluded as this spot may seem, the cheerful voices of washerwomen on the Rhine are distinctly heard. I clambered from bush to bush, explored each aperture, and tried to penetrate each vault.

I forgot to tell you that this huge ruin is called the Mouse. I will inform you how it received that appellation :—

In the twelfth century there was nothing here but a small borough, which was watched, and often molested, by a strong castle called the Cat. Kuno de Falkenstein, who inherited this paltry borough, razed it to the ground, and built a castle much larger than the neighbouring one ; declaring that, “ henceforth, it should be the Mouse that would devour the Cat.”

He was right. The Mouse, in fact, although now in ruins, is a redoubtable godmother, with its haunches of lava and of basalt, and entrails of extinguished volcano, which, with seeming haughtiness, support it. I do not think that any person has had occasion to laugh at that mountain which brought forth the Mouse.

I wandered about the ruins ; first in one room, then in another : admiring at one time a beautiful turret ; now descending into a cave, groping my way through some subterraneous passage ; then finding myself look-

ing through an aperture which commanded a view of the Rhine.

The sun at last began to disappear, which is the time for spectres and phantoms. I was still in the ruins. Indeed, it seemed to me as if I had become a wild school-boy. I wandered everywhere ; I climbed up every acclivity ; I turned over the large stones ; I eat wild mulberries ; I tried by my noise to bring the supernatural inhabitants from their hiding-places ; and, as I trod among the thick grass and herbs, I inhaled that acerb odour of the plants of old ruins which I so much loved in my boyhood.

As the sun descended behind the mountains, I was about to follow his example, when I was startled by something strange moving by my side. I leant forward. It was a lizard of an extraordinary size—about nine inches long—with an immense belly, a short tail, a head like that of a viper, and black as jet—which was gliding slowly towards an opening in an old wall. That was the mysterious and solitary inhabitant of the ruin—an animal at the same time real and fabulous—a salamander, which looked at me with mildness as it entered its hole.

LETTER XVI.

THE MOUSE.

Colossal profile.—The duchy of M. de Nassau.—Country sports; their punishment.—A mountebank.



COULD not leave this ruin; several times I began to descend, then re-ascended. Nature, like a smiling mother, indulges us in our dreams and in our caprices.

At length, when leaving the Mouse, the idea struck me to apply my ear to the basement of the large tower. I did so, trusting to hear some noise, yet scarcely flattering myself so much as to imagine that Winifred's bell would deign to awake itself for me. At that moment,—O, wonder of wonders!—I heard—yes, heard with mine own ears—a vague, metallic sound, an indistinct humming of a bell, gliding through the crepuscule, and, seemingly, coming from beneath the tower. I confess that this strange noise brought vividly to my memory the speech of Hamlet to Horatio; but suddenly I was recalled from the world of chimeras to that of reality.

I soon discovered that it was the Ave Maria of some village floating over the evening breeze, It mattered not. All that I had to do was to believe and say that I heard the mysterious silver bell of Velmich ringing under the mountain.

As I left the north moat, which is now a thorny ravine, the tomb of the giant suddenly presented itself. From the point where I stood, the rock figures, at the base of the mountain, close to the Rhine, the colossal profile of a head, hanging backwards, with open mouth. One is ready to believe that the giant, who, according to the legend, lies there, crushed under the weight of the mountain, was about to raise the enormous mass, and that, on his head appearing between the rocks, an Apollo, or a St. Michael, put his foot upon the mountain, and crushed the monster, who expired in that posture, uttering a fearful shriek, which is lost in the darkness of forty ages; but the mouth still remains open.

I must declare that neither the giant, the silver bell nor the spectre of Falkenstein prevents the vine and weeds mounting from terrace to terrace near the Mouse. So much the worse for the phantoms of this country of the grape; for the people do not hesitate to take the vine that clusters round their dismantled dwelling, to procure themselves the wherewithal to make wine.

But the stranger, even the most thirsty, must be cautious how he plucks the fruit, to him forbidden. At Velmich we are in the duchy of M. de Nassau, and the laws of Nassau are rigorous respecting such country sports. The delinquent, if caught, is forced to pay a sum equivalent to the depredations, or "delights," of all those who

were lucky enough to escape. A short time ago an English tourist plucked and ate a plum, for which he had to pay fifty florins.

Wishing to proceed to St. Goar, which is upon the left bank, I inquired my way of a mountebank of the village, who gave me directions in a gibberish which, of course, I did not understand ; for, instead of going by the road that runs by the river, I took that which leads to the mountain. After walking for a considerable time, I at length came in view of the Rhine ; when, through the fog, I saw a group of houses, with faint lights glimmering in the windows. It was St. Goar.

LETTER XVII.

SAINT GOAR.

The Cat—its interior.—Fabulous rock of Lurley.—The Swiss Valley.—
The fruit girl.—The Reichenberg.—The Barbers' Village.—Legend.
—The Rheinfels.—Oberwesel.—French hussar.—A German supper.



WEEK might be very agreeably spent at St. Goar, which is a neat little town lying between the Cat and the Mouse. To the left is the Mouse, half enveloped in the fog of the Rhine; and to the right is the Cat, a huge dungeon, with the picturesque village of Saint Goarshausen lying at its base. The two formidable castles seem to be casting angry looks across the country, their dilapidated windows presenting a most hideous aspect. In front, upon the right bank of the river, and apparently ready to incite the two adversaries, is the old colossal spectre palace of the Landgraves of Hesse.

The Rhine at St. Goar, with its sombre embankments,

its shadows, its rippling waters, resembles a lake of Jura more than it does a river.

If we remain in the house, we have all day before us a view of the Rhine, with rafts floating on its surface. Here sailing-vessels, there steam-boats, which, when passing, make a noise resembling that of a huge dog when swimming. In the distance, on the opposite bank, under the shade of some beautiful walnut-trees, we see the soldiers of M. de Nassau, dressed in red coats and white trousers, performing their exercises, while the rolling of the drum of a petty duke strikes our ear. Under our windows, the women of St. Goar, with their sky-blue bonnets, pass to and fro; and we hear the prattling and laughing of children, who are diverting themselves on the river's brink.

If we go out, we can get across the Rhine for six sous, the price of a Parisian omnibus; then amuse ourselves by paying a visit to the Cat, which is an interesting ruin. The interior is completely dismantled. The lower room of the tower is at present used as a storehouse. Several vine-trees twine themselves round it, and even grow upon the floor of the portrait-gallery. In a small room, the only one that has a window and door, a picture representing Bohdan Chmielnicki is nailed to the wall, with two or three portraits of reigning princes hung round about it.

From the height of the Cat the eye encounters the famed gulf of the Rhine, called the Bank. Between the Bank and the square tower of Saint-Goarshausen there is only a narrow passage, the gulf being on one side, and the rock on the other. A little beyond the Bank, in a wild and savage turning, the fabulous rock of Lurley,

with its thousand granite seats, which give it the appearance of a falling ladder, descends into the Rhine. There is a celebrated echo here, that responds seven times to all that is said and all that is sung. If it were not to appear that I wished to detract from the celebrity of the echo, I would say that to me the repetition was never above five times. It is probable that the Oréade of Lurley, formerly courted by so many princes and mythological counts, begins to get hoarse and fatigued. That poor nymph has at present no more than one admirer, who has made himself, on the opposite side of the Rhine, two chambers in the rocks, where he passes his days in playing the horn and in discharging his gun. The man who gives the echo so much employment, is an old brave French hussar.

The effect of the echo of Lurley is truly extraordinary: a small boat, crossing the Rhine at this place, makes a tremendous noise; and, should we shut our eyes, we might believe that it was a galley from Malta, with its fifty large oars, each moved by four galley-slaves.

Before leaving Saint Goarshausen, we must go and see, in an old street which runs parallel with the Rhine, a charming little house of the German Renaissance. Afterwards we turn to the right, cross a bridge, and enter, amidst the noise of a water-mill, the Swiss Valley, a superb ravine, almost Alpine, formed by the high hill of Petersberg, and by the brow of the Lurley.

The Swiss Valley is certainly a delightful promenade. We ascend acclivities; descend: we meet high villages; plunge into dark and narrow passages, in one of which I saw the ground that had lately been torn up by the tusks of a wild boar; or we proceed along the bottom of the

ravine, with rocks resembling the walls of Cyclops on each side. Then, if we draw towards the other road, which abounds with farms and mills, all that meet the eye seem arranged and grouped for Poussin to insert into a corner of his landscape :—a shepherd, half naked, in a field with his flock, contentedly whistling some air ; a cart drawn by oxen ; and pretty girls with bare feet. I saw one who was indeed charming ; she was seated near a fire, drying her fruit : she lifted up her large blue eyes towards heaven—eyes like diamonds, upon a countenance which was darkened by the heat of the sun. Her neck, which was partly covered by a collar, was marked with small-pox, and under her chin was a swelling. With that detraction, joined to such beauty, one might have taken her for an Indian idol squatted near its altar.

We cross a meadow ; the hares of the ravine run here and there, and we suddenly behold, at the top of a hill, an admirable ruin. It is the Reichenberg, in which, during the wars of “ manual rights,” in the middle age, one of the most redoubtable of those gentlemen bandits, who bore the epithet of “ the scourge of the country,” lived. The neighbouring village had cause for lamentation, the emperor had reason for summoning the brigand to his presence ; but the man of iron, secure in his granite house, heeded him not, but continued his depredations, his orgies of rapine and plunder, and lived excommunicated by the church, condemned by the Deity, tracked by the emperor, until his white beard descended to his stomach. I entered the Reichenberg. There is nothing in that cave of Homeric thieves but wild herbs : the windows are all dismantled, and cows are seen grazing round the ruins.

Behind the hill of the Reichenberg are the ruins of a town, which has all but disappeared, and which bore the name of the "BARBERS' VILLAGE." The following is the account given of it :—

The devil, wishing to avenge himself on Frederick Barberousse for his numerous crusades, took it into his head to have the beard of the crusader shaved. He made arrangements that the emperor Barberousse, when passing through Bacharach, should fall asleep, and, when in that state, be shaved by one of the numerous barbers of the village. A tricky fairy, as small as a grasshopper, went to a giant, and prayed him to lend her a sack. The giant consented, and even graciously offered to accompany her, at which she expressed her extreme delight. The fairy, after walking by the side of such a huge creature, had, no doubt, swelled herself into a tolerable bulk, for, on arriving at Bacharach, she took the sleeping barbers, one by one, and placed them in the sack; after which, she told the giant to put it upon his back, and to take it away—that it did not matter where it was placed. It being night, the giant did not perceive what the old woman had done; he obeyed her, and strode off with his accustomed strides. The barbers of Bacharach, heaped one over another, awoke, and began to move in the sack. The giant, through fright, increased his pace. As he traversed the Reichenberg, one of the barbers, who had his razor in his pocket, drew it out, and made so large a hole in the sack that all the barbers fell out, screaming frightfully. The giant, thunderstruck, imagining that he had a nest of devils on his back, saved himself by means of his enormous legs. When the em-

peror arrived at Bacharach there was not a barber in the place ; and, on Beelzebub coming to see the deed performed, a raven, perched upon the gate of the town, said to his grace the devil—

“ My friend, in the middle of your face you have something so large that you could not see it even in a looking-glass. That is *un pied de nez*. ”

Since that time there has been no barber at Bacharach ; and even to this day, it is impossible to find a shop belonging to one of the fraternity. As for those stolen by the fairies, they established themselves where they fell, and built a town upon the spot, which they called the “ Barbers’ Village.” Thus it is that the Emperor Frederick the First preserved his beard and his surname.

Besides the Mouse, the Cat, the Lurley, the Swiss Valley, and the Reichenberg, there is also near St. Goar the once formidable castle that shook before Louis the Fourteenth, and crumbled under Napoleon,—the Rheinfels.

About a mile from St. Goar we perceive, at the side of two mountains, a handsome feudal town, with ancient streets, fourteen embattled towers, and two large churches of Gothic structure. It is Oberwesel, a town of the Rhine, which was often the seat of war. Its old walls exhibit innumerable holes, the effects of the cannon-ball. At present Oberwesel, like an old soldier, has become a vine-dresser. The red wine here is excellent.

Like all other towns upon the Rhine, Oberwesel has near it a castle in ruins—Schoenberg ; where, in the tenth century, the seven laughing and cruel girls lived that

were turned, in the middle of the river, into seven rocks.

The road from St. Goar to Oberwesel is full of attractions. It runs along the Rhine, which is at times hidden from our view by hawthorn-trees and willows. All here is still, all is tranquil,—save at intervals, when the pervading silence is broken by a silvery salmon leaping to catch its prey.

In the evening, after we have taken one of those delightful walks which tend to open the deep caverns of the stomach, we return to Saint Goar, and find, at the top of a long table, surrounded by smokers, an excellent German supper, with partridges larger than chickens. We recruit our strength marvellously; above all, if our appetite be so good as to permit us to overlook a few of the strange *rencontres* which often take place on the same plate—for instance, a roast duck with an apple-pie, or the head of a wild boar with preserves. Just before the supper draws to a close, a flourish of a trumpet, mingling with the report of a gun, is suddenly heard. We hurry to the window. It is the French hussar, who is rousing from dormancy the echo of St. Goar, which is not less marvellous than that of Lurley. Each gunshot is equal to the report of a cannon; each blast of a trumpet is echoed with singular distinctness in the profound darkness of the valley. It is an exquisite symphony, which seems to be mocking while it pleases us. As it is impossible to believe that this huge mountain can produce such an effect, at the expiration of a few minutes we become dupes of illusion, and the most grave thinker is ready to swear that in those shades, under some fantastic thicket, dwells a solitary—a supernatural being—a sort of

fairly—a *Titania*, who amuses herself by delicately parodying the music of mortals, and throwing down the half of a mountain every time she hears the report of a gun. The effect would be still greater if we could, for a short time, forget that we are at the window of an inn, and that that extraordinary sensation has served as an extra plate to the dessert. But all passes away very naturally; the performance over, a waiter belonging to the auberge enters, with a tin plate in his hand, which he presents to the inmates. Then all is finished; and each retires after having paid for his *echo*.

LETTER XVIII

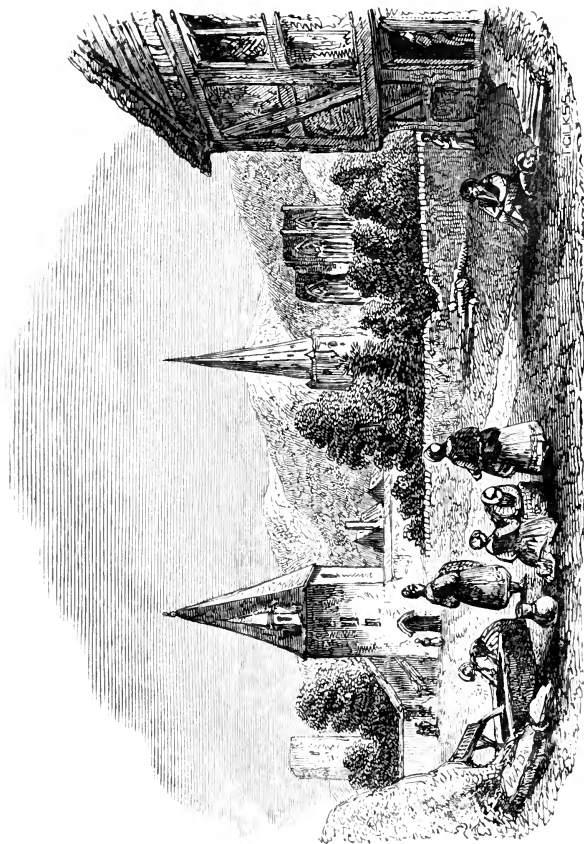
BACHARACH.

Furstemberg, Sonnech, and Heimberg.—Europe.—A happy little world.
—The cemetery.



HIS moment I am in one of the oldest, the prettiest, and the most unknown towns in the world. At my window are cages full of birds; from the roof of my room hangs an old-fashioned lantern; and in the corner is a ray of the sun, imperceptibly but gradually advancing towards an old oak table.

I remained three days at Bacharach, which is, without exception, the most antique group of human habitations that I have ever seen. One might imagine that some giant, a vendor of *bric-à-bac*, purposing to open a shop upon the Rhine, had taken a mountain for his counter, and placed, from the bottom to the top, with a giant taste, heaps of enormous curiosities.



BACHARACH.



This old, fairy town, in which romance and legend abound, is peopled by inhabitants who—old and young, from the urchin to the grandfather, from the young girl to the old dame—have, in their cast of features and in their walk, something of the thirteenth century. From the summit of the Schloss we have an immense view, and discover, in the embrasures of the mountain, five other castles in ruins; upon the left bank of the river, Furstemberg, Sonneck, and Heimberg; to the west, on the other side of the Rhine, Goutenfels, full of recollections of Gustave Adolphe; and, towards the east, above the fabulous valley of Wisperthall, the manor, where the inhospitable Sibö de Lorch refused to open the door to the gnomes on stormy nights.

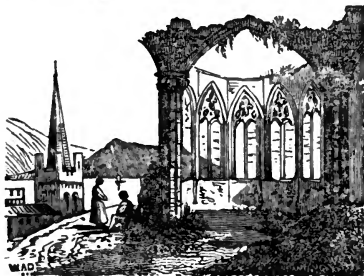
At Bacharach a stranger is looked upon as a phenomenon. The traveller is followed with eyes expressive of bewilderment. In fact, no one, except it be a poor painter, plodding his way on foot, with a bag upon his back, ever deigns to visit this antique capital—this town of melancholy.

I must not, however, forget to mention that in the room adjoining mine hangs a picture purporting to represent Europe. Two lovely girls, their shoulders bare, and a handsome young fellow are singing. The following stanza is underneath :—

“Enchanting Europe! where all-smiling France
Gives laws to fashion, graces to the dance :
Pleasure, fine arts, each sweet and lovely face
Form the chief worship of thy happy race.”

Under my window was an entire little world, happy

and charming — a kind of court, adjoining a Roman church, which we could approach by a dilapidated stair. Three little boys and two little girls were playing among the grass, which reached their chins; the girls every now and then fighting voluntarily with the boys. The ages of all five could not amount to more than fifty years. Beyond the long grass were trees loaded with fruit. In the midst of the leaves were two scare-crows, dressed like Lubins, of the Comic Opera; and although, perhaps they had the effect of frightening the birds, they failed to do that to the *bergeronnettes*. In all corners of the garden were flowers glittering in the rays of the sun, and round these flowers were swarms of bees and butterflies. The bees hummed, the children chattered, the birds sang, and at a little distance were two doves happily billing.



After having admired till night-fall this charming little garden, I took a fancy to visit the ruin of the old church, which is dedicated to St. Werner, who suffered martyrdom at Oberwesel. I reached the first flight of steps, which were covered with grass, looked round, admired the heavens, from which sufficient light came to enable me to see the old palatine castle in

ruins ; then my eyes fell upon my charming garden of children, birds, doves, bees, butterflies, and music—my garden of life, of love, and of joy,—and I discovered that it was a cemetery.

LETTER XIX.

“ FIRE ! FIRE ! ”

Lorch.—An incident.—Combat of the Hydra and Dragon.—The Hotel
P—— at Lorch.



WHEN twelve strikes at Bacharach we go to bed—we shut our eyes—we try to dispel the thoughts of day—we come to that state when we have, at the same time, something awake, and something asleep—when the fatigued body reposes, and when the wayward mind is still at labour. When thus, between the mind and body we are neither asleep nor awake, a noise suddenly disturbs the shades of night—an inexpressible, a singular noise,—a kind of faint murmuring—at once menacing and plaintive, which mingles with the night wind, and seems to come from the high cemetery situated above the village. You awake, jump up, listen. What is that ? It is the watchman blowing his trumpet to assure the inhabitants that

all is well, and that they may sleep without fear. Be it so ; still I think it impossible to adopt a more frightful method.

At Lorch a person might be awoke out of his sleep in a manner still more dramatical ; but, my friend, let me first tell you what sort of a place Lorch is.—

Lorch, a large borough containing about eighteen hundred inhabitants, is situated upon the right bank of the Rhine, and extends as far as the mouth of the Wisper. It is the valley of legends,—it is the country of faeries. Lorch is situated at the foot of the Devil's Ladder, a high rock, almost perpendicular, which the valiant Gilgen clambered when in search of his betrothed, who was hidden by the gnomes on the summit of a mountain. It was at Lorch that the fairy Ave invented—so say the legends—the art of weaving, in order to clothe her lover Heppius. The first red wine of the Rhine was made here. Lorch existed before Charlemagne, and it has left a date in its charter as far back as 732. Henry the Third, Archbishop of Mayence, resided here in 1348. At present there are neither Roman cavaliers, nor faeries, nor archbishops, yet the little town is happy, the scenery is delightful, and the inhabitants are hospitable. The lovely house of the Renaissance, on the border of the Rhine, has a façade as original and as rich in its kind as that of the French manor of Meillan. The fortress, teeming with legends of old Sibo, protects, as it were, the borough from the historical castle of Furstemburg, which menaces it with its huge tower. There is nothing more charming than to see this smiling little colony of peasants, prospering beneath those two frightful skeletons which were once citadels.

A week ago, perhaps it was about one in the morning, I was writing in my room, when suddenly I perceived the paper under my pen become red, and, on lifting my eyes I discovered that the light did not proceed from my lamp, but from my window, while a strange humming noise rose around me. I hastened to ascertain the cause. An immense volume of flame and smoke was issuing from the roof above my head, making a frightful noise. It was the Hotel P—— the house adjoining mine, which had taken fire.

In an instant the inmates of the *auberge* were awake, all the village was astir, and the cry "Fire ! Fire !" was heard in every street. I shut my window, and opened the door. The large wooden staircase of my hotel, which had two windows, almost touched the burning house, and seemed also to be in flames. From the top to the bottom of the stairs, a crowd of shadows, loaded with divers things, was seen pressing, jostling, and making way, with all possible speed, either to the top or to the bottom. It was the inmates of the *auberge* removing their effects,—one nearly naked, this one in drawers, that one in his shirt ; they seemed scarcely awake. No one cried out—no one spoke. It was like the humming of an ant-hillock.

As for me,—for each thinks of himself at such a time,—I had little luggage. I lodged on the first floor, therefore ran no other risk than that of being forced to make my escape by the window.

In the meanwhile, a storm arose, and the rain came down in torrents. As it always happens, the more haste the less speed. A moment of frightful confusion ensued ; some wished to enter, others to go out : drawers and

tables, attached to ropes, were lowered from the windows; and mattresses, nightcaps, and bundles of linen, were thrown from the top of the house on to the pavement. Women were wringing their hands in despair, and children crying. Just as the fire gained the granary, the fire-engines arrived. It is almost impossible to give an idea of the rage with which the water attacked its enemy. No sooner had the pipes passed over the wall than a hissing sound was heard; and the flame, on which a stream of molten steel seemed pouring, roared, became erect, leaped frightfully, opened horrible mouths, and, with its innumerable tongues, licked at once all the doors and windows of the burning edifice. The vapour mingled with the smoke, volumes of which were dispersed with every breath of wind, and lost themselves, twisting and wreathing, in the darkness of the night, whilst the hissing of the water responded to the roaring of the fire. There is nothing more terrible and more grand than the awful combat of the *hydre* and *dragon*.

The strength of the water forced up in columns by the engines was extraordinary; the slates and bricks on which it alighted, broke and were scattered by its force. When the timber-works gave way the sight was grand. Amidst noise and smoke, myriads of sparks issued from the flames. For a few minutes a chimney-stack stood alone upon the house, like a kind of stone tower; but no sooner was the pipe pointed towards it than it fell heavily into the gulf. The Rhine, the villages, the mountains, the ruins—all the spectres of the country—were observable amidst the smoke, and flames, and storm. It was truly a frightful sight, yet it had something of sublimity in it.

If looked at in detail, nothing was more singular than to see, at intervals, amongst smoke and flame, heads of men appearing everywhere. These men were directing the water-pipes on the flames, which jumped, advanced, and receded. Large blocks of wood work were detached from the roof, and hung dangling by a nail, while others fell amidst noise and sparks. In the interior of the apartments the decorated paper of the walls appeared and disappeared with every blast of wind. There was upon the wall of the third floor a picture of Louis XV., surrounded with shepherds and shepherdesses. I watched this landscape with particular interest. For some time it withstood the fire; but at last one body of flame entered the room, stretched forth one of its tongues, and seized the *landscape*;—the females embraced the males; Tircis cajoled Glycère: then all disappeared in smoke.

A short distance from the *auberge* was a group of half-naked English, with pale countenances, and looks expressive of bewilderment. They were standing by the goods which had been providentially saved. On their left was an assemblage of all the children of the place, who laughed on seeing a block of wood precipitated into the burning element, and clapped their hands every time the water-works happened to play amongst them. Such was the fire of the Hotel P—— at Lorch.

A house on fire is at best a house burning; but, what is still more melancholy, a man lost his life at it, while in the act of doing good to others.

About four o'clock in the morning the people became what is generally termed masters of the fire, and succeeded in confining the flames to the Hotel P——, thus saving

ours. A host of servants, brushing, scraping, rubbing, and sponging, attacked the rooms, and in less than an hour our inn was washed from top to bottom. One thing is singular—nothing was stolen! All those goods, removed in haste amidst the rain, in the dead of the night, were scrupulously carried back by the poor peasants of Lorch.

Next morning I was surprised to see, on the ground-floor of the inn that was burnt, two or three rooms perfectly entire, which did not seem to be the least disordered by the fire that had raged above them. *A propos* of this fact, the following story passes current in this country; however, I do not credit it:—

A few years ago an Englishman arrived somewhat late at an inn at Braubach, supped, and went to bed. In the middle of the night the *auberge* took fire. The servants entered the apartment of the Englishman, and, finding him asleep, awoke him, and told him what had happened, and that he must make all speed out of the house.

“To the d——l with you!” said the Englishman, not at all pleased with his nocturnal visitants. “You awake me for that? Leave me alone: I am fatigued, and will not get up! you seem to be a parcel of fools to imagine that I am going to run through the fields in my shirt at such an hour as this! Nine hours is the amount of time which I allow for rest. Put out the fire the best way you can—I will not hinder you! As for me, I am very well in bed, where I intend to remain. Good night! I will see you to-morrow.

No sooner had he said so than he turned his back

upon the servants, and fell fast asleep. What was to be done? The fire gained ground; and the inmates, to save themselves, fled, after shutting the door upon the Englishman, who was soundly sleeping, and snoring tremendously. The fire was terrible, but at last was, with great difficulty, extinguished. Next morning the men who were clearing the rubbish came to the chamber of the Englishman, opened the door, and found him in bed. On perceiving them he said, yawning—

“Can you tell me if there is such a thing as a boot-hook in this house?”

He rose, breakfasted heartily, and appeared quite refreshed—a circumstance greatly to the displeasure of the lads of the place, who had made up their minds to make what is called in the valley of the Rhine a *bourg-mestre sec* with the Englishman—that is, a smoked corpse; which they show to strangers for a few liards.

LETTER XX.

FROM LORCH TO BINGEN.

Travelling on foot; its advantages and pleasures.—The strange rencontre.—A dangerous spectator.—The explication.—Actors on a holiday.—Marvellous facts and their connection with the “holiday of a menagerie.”—Furstemburg Castle.—The three brothers, Cadenet, Luynes, and Bradnes.—The three students.—Sublimity of Nature.—Ruin.—The enigma.—Falkenburg castle.—The blooming group,—Stella.—Gantrum and Liba.—Mausethurm.—Hatto and the legend of the rats.



ORCH is about four French leagues from Bingen. You are well aware of my taste. Whenever an opportunity is offered, I never neglect converting my excursion into a promenade.

Nothing to me is more pleasing than travelling on foot. We are free and joyous. No breaking down of wheels, no contingencies attendant on carriages. We set out; stop when it suits us; breakfast at a farm or under a tree; walk on, and dream while walking—for travelling cradles reverie, reverie veils fatigue, and the beauty of the country hides the length of the road. We are not tra-

velling,—we wander. Then we stop under the shade of a tree, by the side of a little rivulet, whose rippling waters harmonize with the songs of the birds that load the branches over our heads. I saw with compassion a diligence pass before me, enveloped in dust, and containing tired, screwed-up, and fatigued passengers. Strange that those poor creatures, who are often persons of mind, should willingly consent to be shut up in a place where the harmony of the country sounds only in noise, the sun appears to them in clouds, and the road in whirlwinds of dust. They are not aware of the flowers that are found in thickets, of the pearls that are picked up amongst pebbles, of the Houris that the fertile imagination discovers in landscapes!—*musa pedestris*. Everything comes to the foot-passenger. Adventures are ever passing before his eyes.

I remember being, some seven or eight years ago, at Claye, which is a few leagues from Paris. I will transcribe the lines which I found in my note-book, for they are connected with the story that I am going to relate.

“A canal for a ground-floor, a cemetery for a first, and a few houses for a second—such is Claye. The cemetery forms a terrace over the canal; thus affording the manes of the peasants of Claye a probable chance of being serenaded by the mail packet which runs from Paris to Meaux. In this place the dead are not interred; they are —.”

I was returning to Paris on foot, and had set out early: the trees of the forest of Bondy tempted me to go by a road which had a sharp turning, where I seated myself—my back against an oak, my feet hanging over a ditch—and began to write in my green book, the

note you have just read. As I was finishing the fourth line I lifted my eyes, and perceived, not many yards from where I was, a bear, with its eyes fixed upon me. In broad daylight we have no nightmares, nor can we be dupes enough to take the stump of a tree for something supernatural. At night, things may change in appearance; but at noon, with a May sun over our heads, we have no such hallucinations. It was actually a bear—a living bear—a hideous-looking animal, which was seated on its hind legs, with its fore-paws crossed over its belly. One of its ears was torn, as also was its under lip: it had only one eye, with which it looked at me attentively. There was no woodman at hand—all around me was silent and deserted. I must say that I felt a strange sensation. Sometimes, when chance brings us into contact with a strange dog, we manage to get over the difficulty by shouting out “Fox,” “Solomon,” or “Asor;” but what could we say to a bear? From whence did it come? Why such a creature in the forest of Bondy, upon the highway from Paris to Claye? It was strange, unreasonable, and anything but pleasing. I moved not; I must also say that the bear did not move, a circumstance which appeared to me somewhat lucky. It looked at me as tenderly as a bear could well do with one eye; it opened its mouth, not in ferocity, but yawningly. This bear had something of peace, of resignation, and of drowsiness; and I found a likeness in its physiognomy to those old stagers that listen to tragedies. In fact, its countenance pleased me so much that I resolved to put as good a face upon the matter as I could. I therefore accepted it for a spectator, and continued what I had begun. I then wrote the

fifth line in my book ; which line is at a considerable distance from the fourth, for, on beginning it, I had my eyes fixed upon the eye of the bear.

Whilst I was writing a large fly lighted on the bleeding ear of my spectator. It slowly lifted its right paw, and passed it leisurely over its ear, as a cat might do. The fly took to its wings ! the bear looked after it : then he seized his hind legs with his fore paws ; and, as if satisfied with that classic attitude, began again to eye me. I admit that I watched his movements with no slight degree of interest.

Just as I was about to begin the sixth line, I heard a sound of feet on the high road, and suddenly I perceived another bear, a huge black animal, which had no sooner fixed its eyes upon the former than it ran up to it and rolled graciously at its feet. The first was a she-bear, and did not deign to look upon the black one ; and fortunately the latter paid no attention to me.

I confess that at this new apparition, which was somewhat perplexing, my hand trembled. I was then writing, "*Claye, a probable chance of being serenaded.*" In my manuscript I see there is a great space between the words "*probable chance,*" and "*of being serenaded.*" That space signifies—"a second bear !"

Two bears ! What did all this mean ? Judging from whence the black one made its appearance, it was natural to imagine that it had come from Paris ; a city little abounding with *bêtes*, at least of such savage natures.

I remained petrified—bewildered—with my eyes fixed upon the hideous animals, which began to roll lovingly

in the dust. I rose, and was making up my mind whether I should pick up my cane, which had fallen into the ditch, when another appeared, less in size, more deformed, and bleeding like the first ; then came a fourth, a fifth, and a sixth. The last four walked along the road like soldiers on the march. This was truly inexplicable. A moment afterwards I heard the shouting of men, mingling with the barking of dogs ; then beheld ten or twelve bulldogs, and seven or eight men : the latter were armed with large sticks, tipped with iron, and were carrying muzzles in their hands. One of them stopped, and, whilst the others collected and muzzled the animals, he explained to me this strange enigma. The master of the Circus of the Barrière du Combat, profiting by the Easter devotions, was sending his bears and dogs to Meaux, where he intended giving a few exhibitions. All these animals travelled on foot, and had been unmuzzled at the last stage, to afford them an opportunity of eating by the roadside. Whilst the keepers were comfortably seated in a neighbouring *cabaret*, the bears, finding themselves alone, joyous of liberty, stole a march upon their masters.

Such was one of the adventures of my pedestrian excursions—the *rencontre* of “actors” on a half-holiday.

Dante, in the commencement of his poem, states that he met one day a panther in a wood ; after which, a lion ; then, a bear. If we give credit to tradition, the Seven Wise Men of Greece had similar adventures. Thales, of Milet, was, for a long time, followed by a *griffon* ; Bias de Priene walked side by side with a lynx ; Solon, of Athens, bravely confronted a mad bull ; Cleobulus, of

Rhodes, met a lion; and Chilo, of Macedonia, a lioness. All these marvellous facts, if properly examined, might be found to have some connection with the "holiday" of a menagerie. If I had related my story of the bears in a manner more redounding to my valour, perhaps in a few hundred years I should have passed for a second Orpheus. *Dictus ob hoc lenire tigres.* You perceive, my friend, that poor "*acting*" bears give rise to many prodigies. Without offence to the ancient poets or Greek philosophers, I must confess that, to me, a strophe would be but a feeble weapon against a leopard, or the power of a syllogism against a hyena. Man has found the secret of degrading the lion and the tiger—of adding stupidity to ferocity. Perhaps it is well: for, had it not been so, I should have been devoured; and the Seven Wise Men of Greece would have shared the same fate.

Since my boyhood I have always derived extreme delight from travelling on foot, for in many of my pedestrian trips I have met with adventures which have left a pleasing impression behind.

The other day, about half-past five in the morning, after having given orders for my baggage to be transported to Bingen, I left Lorch, and took a boat to convey me to the other side of the river. If you should ever be here, do the same. The Roman and Gothic ruins of the right bank are much more interesting to the traveller than the slate-roofed houses of the left. At six I was seated, after a somewhat difficult ascent, upon the summit of a heap of extinguished lava, which overlooks Furstenburg Castle and the valley of Diebach. After viewing this old castle, which in 1321, 1632, and 1689, was the

seat of European struggles, I descended. I left the village, and was walking joyously along, when I met three painters, with whom I exchanged a friendly "good day." Every time that I see three young men travelling on foot, whose eyeballs shine as if they reflected the fairy-land of the future, I cannot prevent myself from wishing that their chimeras may be realized, and from thinking of the three brothers, Cadenet, Luynes, and Brandes, who, two hundred years ago, set out one beautiful morning for the court of Henry IV., having amongst them only one mantle, which each wore in turn. Fifteen years afterwards, under Louis XIII., one of them became Duke of Chaulnes; the second, Constable of France; and the third, Duke of Luxembourg! Dream on then, young men—persevere!

Travelling by threes seems to be the fashion upon the borders of the Rhine, for I had scarcely reached Neiderheimbach when I met three more walking together.

They were evidently students of some of those noble universities which tend so much to civilize Germany. They wore classic caps, had long hair, tight frock-coats, sticks in their hands, pipes in their mouths, and, like painters, wallets upon their backs. They appeared to be conversing with warmth, and were apparently going to Bacharach. In passing, one of them cried out, on saluting me—

"Dic nobis domne, in qua parte corporis a nimam veteres locant philosophi?"

I returned the salutation, and replied, *"In corde Plato, in sanguine Empedocles, inter duo supercilia Lucretius."*

The three young men smiled, and the eldest cried—*"Vivat Gallia regina!"* I replied, *"Vivat Germania mater!"* We then saluted each other, and passed on.

Above Neiderheimbach is the sombre forest of Sann, where, hid among trees, are two fortresses in ruins: the one, that of Heimbürg, a Roman castle; the other, Sonneck, once the abode of brigands. The Emperor Rodolph demolished Sonneck in 1212; time has since crumbled Heimbürg. A ruin still more awe-striking is hid among the mountains—Falkenburg.

I had, as I have already stated, left the village behind me. An ardent sun was above, but the fresh breeze from the river cooled the air around. To my right, between two rocks, was the narrow entry of a charming ravine, abounding with shadows. Swarms of little birds were chirping joyously, and in love chasing each other amongst the thick leaves; a streamlet, swollen by the rains, dashed, torrent-like, over the herbage, frightened the insects, and, when falling from stone to stone, formed little cascades among the pebbles. I discovered along this stream, in the darkness which the trees shed around, a road, that a thousand wild flowers—the water-lily, the amaranth, the everlasting, the iris—hide from the profane and deck for the poet. You are aware that there are moments when I almost believe in the intelligence of inanimate things: it appeared to me as if I heard a thousand voices exclaim—

“Where goest thou? Seekest thou places untrod by human foot, but where divinity has left its trace? Thou wishest thy soul to commune with solitude; thou wishest light and shadow, murmurings and peace, changes and serenity; thou wishest the place where the Word is heard in silence, where thou seest life on the surface and eternity at the bottom; thou lovest the desert; thou hatest not man; thou seekest the greensward, the moss, the

humid leaves, tall branches, birds which warble, running waters, perfume mingling with the air. Well, enter ; this is thy way.

It required no consideration. I entered the ravine.

To tell you all that I did there, or, rather, what solitude did to me—how the wasps buzzed round the violets, how the wings of birds rustled among the leaves—that which startled in the moss, that which chirped in the nest,—the soft and indistinct sound of vegetation, the beauty of the bull-fly, the activity of the bee, the patience of the spider, the opening of flowers, the lamentations, the distant cries, the struggling of insect with insect, the exhalations of the rocks, which, sighingly, reached the ear—the rays of heaven which pierced through the trees,—the drops of water that fell, like tears, from flowers—the half revelations which came from the calm, harmonious, slow, and continued labour of all those creatures and of all those things which are more in connexion with God than with man ;—to tell you all that, my friend, would be to express the ineffable, to show the invisible, to paint infinity ! What did I do there ? I no longer know. As in the ravine of Saint Goarshausen, I wandered, ruminated : and, in adoring, prayed ! What was I thinking of ? Do not ask me. There are moments, you are aware, when our thoughts float as drowned in a thousand confused ideas.

I at last reached—I do not know how—the summit of a very high hill, covered with short broom. In all my excursions upon the banks of the Rhine, I saw nothing so beautiful. As far as the eye could reach were prairies, waters, and magic forests resembling bunches of green

feathers. It was one of those places where we imagine we see the tail of that magnificent peacock which we call Nature.

Behind the hill on which I was seated, on the summit of a mount covered with fir and chesnut trees, I perceived a sombre ruin, a colossal heap of brown basalt, in the form of a citadel. What castle was it? I could not tell, for I did not know where I was. To examine a ruin at hand is my *manie* ; therefore, at the expiration of a quarter of an hour, I was wandering through it, searching, foraging, and turning over huge stones, with the hope of finding an inscription which would throw some light upon this venerable ruin.

On leaving the lower chamber, the corner of a stone, one end buried in the rubbish, struck my view. I immediately stooped, and with my hands and feet cleared everything away, under the impression of finding upon it the name of this mysterious ruin. On this large block of stone, the figure of a man, clothed in armour, but without a head, was sculptured, and under his feet were the following lines :—

“VOX TACVIT PERIIT LUX. NOX RVIT ET RVIT VMBRA VIR
CARET IN TVMBA QVO CARET EFFIGIES.”

I was still in ignorance. This castle was an enigma. I had sought for words ; I had found them : that is, an inscription without a date—an epitaph without a name—a statue without a head. While buried in reflection, a distinct sound of voices reached me. I listened. It was a quick dialogue, a few words only of which I could distinguish amid the shouts of laughter and of joy. These

were—" *Fall of the mountain—Subterraneous passage—Very ogly footpath.*" On rising from the tombstone, I beheld three young girls, clothed in white, with fair faces, smiling cheeks, and bright blue eyes. Nothing could be more magical, more charming, for a *reueur*, so situated, than this apparition. It would have been pardonable for a poet to have taken them for angels, or saints of heaven; I must affirm that, to me, they were only three English girls.

It suddenly crossed my mind that by profiting by these angels I might find, without further trouble, the name of the castle. They spoke English; therefore I concluded they belonged to that country. To give me countenance, I opened my portfolio, called to my aid the little English of which I was master, then began to look into the ravine, murmuring to myself—"Beautiful view! Very fine! Very pretty waterfall!" &c. &c.

The young girls, surprised at my sudden appearance, began, while stifling their laughs, to whisper to each other. They looked charming, but were evidently laughing at me. I summoned up courage, advanced a few steps towards the blooming group, which remained stationary, and saluting, with my most gracious air, the eldest of the three, uttered—

"What, if you please, is the name of his castle?"

The sweet girl smiled, looked at her two companions, and, slightly blushing, replied in French—

"I believe, sir, it is called Falkenburg. At least, a French gentleman, who is now speaking with my father in the Grand Tower, said so. If you will take the trouble to go round that way, sir, you will meet them" These

words, so much to the point, and spoken with a pure French accent, sufficed to convince me of my mistake ; but the charming creature took the trouble of adding—

“We are not English, sir ; we are French ; and you are from France !”

“How do you know, miss,” I replied, “that I am a Frenchman ?”

“By your English,” the youngest replied.

The eldest sister looked at her with an air of severity—that is, if beauty, grace, youth, innocence, and joy, can have a severe air. For my part, I burst into a fit of laughter.

“But, young ladies,” I said, “you, yourselves, were speaking English a few minutes ago.”

“It was only for amusement,” the youngest replied.

“For exercise,” said the other, chidingly.

This flat and motherly rectification was lost upon the young girl, who ran gaily to the tombstone, raising slightly her gown, on account of the stones, and displaying the prettiest foot imaginable. “Oh !” she cried, “come and see this ! It is a statue—it has no head—it is a man !”

The other two joined their sister ; and a minute afterwards all three were upon the tomb, the sun reflecting their handsome profiles upon the granite spectre. A few minutes ago I was asking myself the name of the decapitated warrior, then I asked myself the names of the young girls ; and I cannot tell you what I felt when seeing, thus together, those two mysteries, the one full of horror, the other full of charms.

By listening to their soft whisperings I discovered the

name of the second. She was the prettiest—a true princess for fairy tales. Her long eyelashes half hid the bright apple of her eye, that the pure light penetrated. She was between her younger and her eldest sister, as *pudeur* between naiveté and grace, bearing a faint resemblance to both. She looked at me twice, but spoke not; she was the only one of the three whose voice I had not heard, and the only one whose name I knew. At one time her younger sister said to her—"Look, Stella!" I at no former period so well understood all that is limpid, luminous, and charming in that name.

The youngest made these reflections in an audible voice:—"Poor man! they have cut his head off. It was then the time when they took off the heads of men!" Then she exclaimed—"O! here's the epitaph. It is Latin: 'VOX TACUIT PERIIT LUX. It is difficult to read. I should like to know what it says."

"Let us go for father," the eldest said; "he will explain it to us." Thereupon all three bounded away like fawns. They did not even deign to ask me; and I was somewhat humbled on thinking that my English had given them a bad opinion of my Latin. I took a pencil, and wrote beneath the inscription the following translation of the distich:—

Dans la nuit la voix se tue,
L'ombre éteignit le dambeau.
Ce qui manque à la statue
Manque à l'homme en son tombeau.

Just as I was finishing the last line I heard the young girls shouting—"This way, father—this way!" I made my escape, however, before they appeared. Did they see

the explanation that I had left them ? I do not know. I hastened to a different part of the ruin, and saw them no more. Neither did I hear anything further of the mysterious decapitated chevalier. Sad destiny ! What crime had that miserable man committed ? Man had bereft him of life ; Providence had added to that forgetfulness. His statue was deprived of a head, his name is lost to legends, and his history is no longer in the memory of man ! His tombstone, also, will soon disappear. Some vine-dressers of Sonneck, or of Ruppertsberg, will take it, trample upon the mutilated skeleton that it perhaps still covers, break the stone in two, and make a seat of it, on which peasants will sit, old women knit, and children play. In our days, both in Germany and France, ruins are of utility ; with old palaces new huts are constructed.

But, my friend, allow me to return to Falkenburg. It is enough for me, in this nest of legends, to speak of this old tower, still erect and proud, though its interior be dilapidated. If you do not know the adventures that transpired here—the legends that abound respecting this place—a recital of a few of them may amuse you. One in particular, that of Gantram and Liba, starts fresh in my memory. It was upon this bridge that Gantram and Liba met two men carrying a coffin ; and on this stair that Liba threw herself into her lover's arms, saying smilingly, —“ A coffin ? No it is the nuptial bed that you have seen !” It was in this court, at present filled with hemlock, in flower, that Gantram, when conducting his bride to the altar, saw—to him alone visible—a man clothed in black, and a woman, with a veil over her face, walking

before him. It was in this Roman chapel, now crumbling, where living lizards creep upon those that are sculptured, that, when Gantram was putting the wedding-ring upon the taper finger of his bride, he suddenly felt the cold grasp of an unknown hand—it was that of the maiden of the castle, who while she combed her hair, had sung, the night long, near an open and empty grave.

I remained several hours in these ruins—a thousand ideas crowded upon me. *Spiritus loci*! My next letter may contain them. Hunger also came; but, thanks to the French deer that a fair *voyageuse* whom I met spoke to me about, I was enabled to reach a village on the borders of the Rhine, which is, I believe, called Trecktlingshausen—the ancient Trajani Castrum.

All that is here in the shape of an *auberge* is a *taverne à bière*; and all that I found for dinner was a tough leg of mutton, which a student, who was smoking his pipe at the door, tried to dissuade me from eating, by saying that a hungry Englishman, who had been an hour before me, had tried to masticate it, but had left off in disgust. I did not reply haughtily, as Marshal de Crequi did before the fortress of Gayi—"What Barberousse cannot take, Barbegrise will take;" but I ate of the leg of mutton.

I set out as the sun was declining, and soon left the Gothic chapel of St. Clement behind me. My road lay along the base of several mountains, on the summits of which were situated three castles—Reichenstein, Reichenstein (both of which were demolished by Rodolph of Habsburgh, and rebuilt by the Count Palatine, and Vaugtsberg inhabited in 1348 by Kuno of Falkenstein, and repaired by Prince Frederick of Prussia.) My thoughts

turned upon a ruin that I knew lay between the place where I was and Bingen—a strange unsightly ruin, which, near the conflux of the Nahue and the Rhine, stands erect in the middle of the river.

I remember from childhood a picture that some German servant had hung above my bed : it represented an old, isolated, dilapidated tower, surrounded with water ; the heavens above it were dark, and covered with heavy clouds. In the evenings, after having offered up my prayers to God, and before reposing, I looked attentively at the picture. In the dead of the night I saw it in my dreams, and then it was terrible. The tower became enormous, the lightning flashed from the clouds, the waters roared, the wind whistled among the mountains, and seemed every moment as if about to pluck them from their base. One day I asked the servant the name of the tower, and she replied, making the sign of the cross on her forehead —“ Mausethurm.” Afterwards she told me the following story :—

At one time, there lived at Mayence a cruel archbishop named Hatto—a miserly priest—who, she said, was “ readier to open his hand to bless than to bestow in charity. ” That one bad harvest he purchased all the corn, in order to sell it again at a high price, for money was the sole desire of this wicked priest. That at length famine became so great that the peasants in the villages of the Rhine were dying of hunger—that the people assembled in the town of Mayence, weeping and demanding bread—and that the archbishop refused to give them any. The starving people did not disperse, but surrounded the palace, uttering frightful groans. Hatto,

annoyed by the cries of starvation, caused his archers to seize the men and women, old and young, and to shut them up in a granary, to which he set fire. "It was," added the old woman, "a spectacle that might have caused the stones to weep." Hatto did nothing but laugh, and, as the wretched sufferers screamed in agony, and were expiring in the flames, he exclaimed—

"Do you hear the squeaking of the rats !"

The next day the fatal granary was in ashes, and there were no longer any inhabitants in Mayence. The town seemed dead and deserted ; when suddenly a swarm of rats sprang—like the worms in the ulcers of Assuérus—from the ashes of the granary, coming from under the ground, appearing in every crevice, swarming the streets, the citadel, the palace, the caves, the chambers, and the alcoves. It was a scourge, an affliction, a hideous *four-millement*. Hatto, in despair, quitted Mayence, and fled to the plains, but the rats followed him ; he shut himself up in Bingen, which was surrounded with walls, but the rats gained access by creeping under them. Then the despairing bishop caused a tower to be erected in the middle of the Rhine, and took refuge in it ; the rats swam over, climbed up the tower, gnawed the doors and windows, the walls and ceilings, and, at last, reaching the palace, where the miserable archbishop was hid, devoured him. At present the malediction of Heaven and of man is upon this tower, which is called Mausethurm. It is deserted—it is crumbling into ruins in the middle of the stream ; and sometimes at night a strange red vapour is seen issuing from it resembling the smoke of a furnace :—it is the soul of Hatto, which hovers round the place.

There is one thing remarkable. History, occasionally, is immoral; but legends are always moral, and tend to virtue. In history the powerful prosper, tyrants reign, the wicked conduct themselves with propriety, and monsters do well; a Sylla is transformed into an honourable man; a Louis the Eleventh and a Cromwell die in their beds. In tales hell is always visible. There is not a fault that has not its punishment—not a crime which leads not to inquietude—no wicked men but those who become wretched. Man, who is the inventor of fiction, feels that he has no right to make statements and leave to vague supposition their consequences; for he is groping in darkness—is sure of nothing: he requires instruction and counsel, and dares not relate events without drawing immediate conclusions. God, who is the originator of history, shows what he chooses, and knows the rest.

Mausethurm is a convenient word, for we may find in it whatever we desire. There are individuals who believe themselves capable of judging of everything, and who are only wise in their own estimation; who chase poesy from everything, and who say, as the man did to the nightingale—"Stupid beast! won't you cease to make that noise." These people affirm that the word Mause-thurm is derived from *maus*, or *mauth*, which signifies "*custom-house*;" that in the tenth century, before the bed of the river was enlarged, the Rhine had only one passage, and that the authorities of Bingen levied, by means of this tower, a duty upon all vessels that passed. For these *grave* thinkers—these wiseacres—the cursed tower was a *douane*, and Hatto was a custom-house officer.

According to the old women, with whom I freely associated, Mausethurm is derived from *mause*, or *mus*, which signifies a *rat*. The pretended custom-house is the Rat Tower, and its toll-keeper a spectre.

After all, these two opinions may be reconciled. It is not altogether improbable that, towards the sixteenth or seventeenth century, after Luther, after Erasmus, several burgomasters of nerve made use of the tower of Hatto for a custom-house. Why not? Rome made a custom-house of the temple of Antonious, the *dogana*. What Rome did to history, Bingen might well do to legend.

In that case *Mauth* might be right, and *Mause* not be wrong.

Let that be as it may; one thing is certain, that since the old servant told me the story of Hatto, Mausethurm has always been one of the familiar visions of my mind. You are aware that there are no men without their phantoms, as there are none without their whims.

Night is the time of dreams: at one time a ray of light appears, then a flame of fire; and, according to the reflection, the same dream may be a celestial glory, or an apparition of hell.

I must admit that the Rat Tower, in the middle of its agitated waters, never appeared to me but with a horrible aspect. Also—shall I avow it?—when chance, by whose fantasy I was led, brought me to the banks of the Rhine, the first thought that struck me was, not that I should see the dome of Mayence, or the cathedral of Cologne, or the Poalz, but that I should see the Rat Tower.

Judge then of my feelings, poor believing poet and

infatuated antiquary that I am! Twilight slowly succeeded day; the hills became sombre, the trees dark; and a few stars twinkled in the heavens. I walked on my eyes fixed on obscurity: I felt that I was approaching Mausethurm, and that in a few minutes that redoubtable ruin, which to me had, up to this day, been only a dream, was about to become a reality.

I came to a turning in the road, and suddenly stopped. At my feet was the Rhine, running rapidly and murmuring among the bushes; to my right and left, mountains, or rather huge dark heaps, whose summits were lost in a sky in which a star was scarcely to be seen; at the base, for the horizon, an immense curtain of darkness; in the middle of the flood, in the distance, stood a large black tower, of a strange form, from which a singular red light issued, resembling the vapour of a furnace, casting a glare upon the surrounding mountains, showing a mournful-looking ruin on the left bank, and reflecting itself fantastically in the waters. There was no human voice to be heard; no, not even the chirping of a bird. All was solitude—a fearful, and sad silence, troubled only by the monotonous murmurings of the Rhine.

My eyes were fixed upon Mausethurm. I could not imagine it more frightful than it appeared. All was there—night, clouds, mountains; the quivering of the reeds; the noise of the flood full of secret horror, like the roaring of hydras under water; the sad and faint blasts of wind; the shadows, abandonment isolation; all, even to the vapour of the furnace upon the tower—the soul of Hatto!

An idea crossed my mind, perhaps the most simple, but

which at that moment produced a giddiness in my head. I wished at that hour, without waiting till next day, or till daylight, to go to the ruin. The apparition was before my eyes, the night was dark, the phantom of the archbishop was upon the tower. It was the time to visit Mausethurm.

But how could I do it ? where could I find a boat in such a place ? To swim across the Rhine would be to evince rather too great a taste for spectres. Moreover, had I imagined myself a good swimmer, and been fool enough for such an act, the redoubtable gulf of Bingerloch, which formerly swallowed up boats as sea-dogs swallow herrings, and which is at this identical spot, would have effectually deterred me. I was somewhat embarrassed.

Continuing my way towards the ruin, I remembered that the tinkling of the silver bell and the spectres of the dungeon of Velmich did not prevent the peasants from propping the vine and exploring the ruins ; I concluded that near a gulf, where fish necessarily abound, I should probably meet with the cabin of some fisherman. When vine-dressers brave Falkenstein and his Mouse, fishermen might well dare Hatto and his rats.

I was not deceived. I continued, however, walking for some time before I met anything ; but at length reached a point of the bank where the Nahue joins the Rhine. I began to give up all hopes of meeting a waterman, but, on descending towards some osiers, I descried a boat of a strange construction, in which a man, enveloped in a covering, was sleeping. I went into the boat, awoke the man, and pointed to the tower ; but he did not understand me. I then showed him one of the large Saxony

crowns, which are of the value of six francs each : he understood me immediately ; and a few minutes afterwards, without exchanging a word, we, spectre-like, were gliding towards Mausethurm.

When in the middle of the flood, it seemed to me as if the tower diminished in size, instead of increasing.

It was the Rhine which made it appear less. As I had taken the boat at a place which was higher up than Mausethurm, we descended the river, advancing rapidly. My eyes were fixed upon the tower, from the summit of which the vague light was still issuing, and which, at each stroke of the oar, I saw distinctly increasing. Suddenly I felt the bark sinking under me, as if we were in a whirlpool, and the jerk caused my stick to roll at my feet. I looked at my companion, who, returning my gaze with a sinister smile, which, seen by the supernatural light of Mausethurm, had something frightful in it, said, " Bingerloch. " We were upon the gulf. The boat turned. The man rose, seized the anchor with one hand and a cord with the other, plunged the former into the surge, leaped on the gunnel, and began to walk upon it. This manœuvre was accomplished with admirable dexterity and marvellous *sang-froid*.

We landed. I raised my eyes. A short distance from where I stood, on a little island not observable from the land, was Mausethurm, an enormous, formidable castle, dilapidated and in fragments, as if gnawed by the frightful rats of the legend.

The faint light that I observed was a red flame which shed rays along the mountains, giving to every crevice the appearance of the mouth of an enormous lantern. It

also seemed to me as if I heard in that fatal edifice a strange, continued noise—a sort of gnawing sound.

I looked at the waterman, told him to wait my return, and walked towards the ruin.

It was truly the tower of Hatto—the place of rats. Mausetburm was before my eyes, and I was about to enter. In directing my steps towards a low door in the *façade*, through which the wind from the river was whistling, I was startled by some black living creature, which ran rapidly by my feet. It appeared to me to be a huge rat running towards the reeds. On reaching the door I ventured to look into the room, from which the strange gnawing sound and the extraordinary glare of light still came: I will tell you what I saw:—

In an angle, opposite the door were two men with their backs turned to me. One was in a stooping posture, and the other seated upon a kind of iron vice, which a person of discernment might have taken for an instrument of torture. Their feet and arms were naked, their clothes tattered, and each wore a leathern apron. One was old—his grey hair testified it; the other was young—I saw his fair locks, which, from the reflection of a large lighted furnace in the opposite angle, appeared red. The old man wore, like the Guelphs, his cowl inclined to the right: and the young one, like the Gibelins, had his upon the left side. But they were neither Gibelins nor Guelphs, demons nor spectres. Two blacksmiths were before me. The light—the soul of Hatto changed by hell into a living flame—was the fire and smoke of the chimney; the gnawing sound, the noise of files.

The two blacksmiths were worthy individuals. They

showed me the ruins; pointed out the place in which Hatto had taken shelter; and then lent me a lantern, with which I ranged through the whole of the little island.

After having examined the ruin I left Mausethurm. My waterman was fast asleep, but was no sooner roused than we proceeded forthwith to cross the Rhine, when I again heard the noise of the worthy blacksmiths:

Half an hour afterwards I arrived at Bingen; was very hungry; supped: after which, although fatigued, although the inhabitants were asleep in their beds, I explored the Klopp, an old castle in ruins, which overlooks Bingen, where I witnessed a spectacle worthy of closing a day on which I saw so many things, with so many ideas crossing my mind.

LETTER XXI.

LEGEND OF THE HANDSOME PECOPIN AND THE BEAUTIFUL BAULDOUR.

The planet Venus and the bird Phoenix.—The difference between the ear of a young man and that of an old one.—The qualities essential to different embassies.—Happy effect of a good thought.—The Devil is wrong in being a gourmand.—Amiable proposition of an old sage.—The wandering christian.—The danger to which we expose ourselves by getting on a strange horse.—The return.—Bauldour.



PROMISED to relate one of the legends of Falkenburg, perhaps the most interesting,—that of the grave adventure of Guntram and Liba ; but, after reflection, I think it would be useless to do so, as you will find it in almost any collection, written in a spirit far more enlivening than I could tell it. However, since you absolutely wish a story for your children, I will write you one, which you will find nowhere else. You may thank the old French soldier for it. This follower of the republican army believes, at present, in gnomes and fairies, as devoutly as he formerly credited the *puissance* of the emperor. Solitude has always this effect upon the

mind ; it develops the poetry which is inherent in man, and makes him a believer in the wonderful and supernatural.

LEGEND OF THE HANDSOME PECOPIN AND THE
BEAUTIFUL BAULDOUR.

THE handsome Pecopin loved the beautiful Bauldour, and the lovely Bauldour was enamoured of the gay Pecopin. He possessed all the qualities of a lord and of a man ; and she was a queen when at home, a holy virgin at church, a nymph in the woods, and a fairy at work.

Pecopin was an excellent hunter, and Bauldour was a good spinster. When he was absent, the distaff amused and consoled her ; and when the sound of the horn, mingling with the noise of the hounds, would strike her ear, she fancied she could distinguish the words—"Think of thy lover." Besides, the wheel, which caused the *belle rêveuse* to stoop, was ever saying, in a soft and small voice—"Think of him."

When the husband and lover are united in one person, all goes well. Marry, then, the spinster to the hunter, and fear nothing.

However, I must say that Pecopin was too fond of hunting. When he was on horseback, the falcon resting on his hand, or when he was following the stag, he forgot everything. Whoever loves horses and dogs too much, displeases woman ; and he who loves woman too much, displeases God. Govern, therefore, your tastes, and bridle your inclinations.

When Bauldour, that noble and lovely young girl, that star of love, of youth, and of beauty, saw Pecopin caressing his dog, a huge animal, with large nostrils, long ears,

and a black mouth, she was jealous of it. She entered her room disconcerted and sad, and there wept. Then she scolded her servants, and after them her dwarf. Woman's anger is like rain in a forest—it falls twice. *Bis pluit.*

In the evening, Pecopin blackened with powder and weary with fatigue, returned to Bauldour, who pouted and murmured, with a tear in the corner of her large blue eye. Pecopin pressed her little hand, and she ceased murmuring; then he kissed her rosy lips, and she smiled. She never suffered the chevalier to take her by the waist. One evening he slightly pressed her elbow, and her face coloured up with blushes and offended pride. She was betrothed, but not married. Modesty in woman is what bravery is in man.

PART II.

THE BIRD PHOENIX AND VENUS.—Pecopin had in his hall at Sonneck, a large gilt painting, which represented the nine heavens, each with its appropriate colour and name affixed to it:—Saturn, leaden colour; Jupiter, clear and brilliant; Venus, the east on fire; Mercury, sparkling; the Moon, with its silvery appearance; the Sun, shining flames. Pecopin erased the word Venus, and substituted Bauldour.

The fair demoiselle had in her room large tapestries, on which was an immense bird, the size of an eagle, with a golden neck and a blue tail. Above this marvellous animal was written the Greek word “Phoenix.” Bauldour effaced it, and substituted “Pecopin.”

The day fixed for the nuptials drew near: Pecopin was full of joy, and Bauldour was happy.

A week before the appointed day of marriage, Bauldour was busily spinning at her window. Her dwarf came to tell her that Pecopin was coming upstairs, at which intelligence she rose hurriedly to run to her betrothed; but her foot got entangled with the thread, and she fell. Poor Bauldour rose; she was not hurt; but, remembering that a similar accident happened at the castle to Liba, she felt sad at heart. Pecopin entered, beaming with joy, spoke of their marriage and of their happiness, and the cloud that hovered round her soul vanished.

PART III.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE EAR OF A YOUNG MAN AND THAT OF AN OLD ONE.—Next day Bauldour was spinning in her chamber, and Pecopin was hunting in the woods. He had no companion but his dog. In following the chase, he came to the forest of Sonn, where there are four large trees—an ash, an elm, a fir, and an oak—which are called by the people "*The Evangelists.*" As Pecopin passed under the shade, four birds were perched upon the trees—a daw upon the ash, a blackbird upon the elm, a magpie upon the fir, and a crow upon the oak. These feathered creatures made a strange confused noise, and seemed as if they were interrogating each other. A few steps further on an old man was seated on the stump of a tree; and as Pecopin passed he turned round and said—

"Sire chevalier, do you know what the birds are saying?"

"My good fellow," Pecopin replied, "what does it matter to me?"

"Sir," said the peasant, "for the young the blackbird

whistles, the magpie chatters, and the raven croaks; for the old the birds speak."

The chevalier burst out into a fit of laughter, saying, "Pardieu! you're raving."

"You are wrong, Sir Pecopin," the old man said with gravity.

"You never saw me before; how is it that you know my name?"

"From the birds," replied the peasant.

"You are an old fool, my worthy fellow," Pecopin said, continuing his route.

About an hour afterwards Pecopin heard the sound of a horn, and then perceived the Count Palatine and his suite, who were out on a hunting excursion.

"Holla!" one of them cried out, on seeing Pecopin, "my brave hunter—won't you accompany us?" Pecopin consented, and conducted himself so marvellously, by killing the different animals they pursued, that the count gave him a fief of Rhineck, enrolled him amongst his followers, and prevailed upon him to go to Stahleck, to take the oath of allegiance. Pecopin sent a message to Bauldour, announcing the intention of the pfalzgraf. "Be not uneasy, my beloved," he added; "I will be with you next month." The messenger set out, and Pecopin retired with the prince and his followers to the castle at Bacharach.

PART IV.

QUALITIES ESSENTIAL TO DIFFERENT EMBASSIES.—

Pecopin was a nobleman by blood, by nature, and by outward appearance, and pleased the pfalzgraf so much, that this prince one day said to him, "My friend, I have

an embassy for my cousin of Bourgogne, and your noble appearance and gallant behaviour have induced me to make you my ambassador."

Pecopin obeyed the wishes of his prince, and went to Dijon, where the duke received him kindly; and he was soon after, on account of his rank, sent on an embassy to the King of France. One day the king said, "Pecopin, I require a gentleman to go to Spain on urgent business; but, finding none of my followers capable of undertaking such a task, I have fixed upon you, on account of your mien and mind. Pecopin again set out; and when the negotiation was terminated, he went to the sultan to take his leave.

"I receive your adieus with pleasure, for you must set out immediately for Bagdad."

"For Bagdad!" Pecopin replied with astonishment. †

"Yes, chevalier," replied the Moorish prince, "for I cannot sign the treaty with the King of France without the consent of the Caliph of Bagdad."

Pecopin went to Bagdad, where a strange adventure happened to him. One day, while passing the walls of the seraglio, the sultan's favourite perceived him; and as he was handsome, bold, and of a haughty air, she conceived a passion for Pecopin, and sent a black slave to speak to him:—

"This talisman," she said, "is the gift of a princess who loves you, but who will never see you more. Take care of it; for as long as you wear it you will never be old; when you are in danger, touch it, and you will be saved." Pecopin accepted the talisman, and attached it to his neck-chain. "Now," the slave added, "do not lose

it; for whilst you have it in your possession, you will always have the same youthful appearance; but when you lose it, the infirmities of every year which has passed over your head will instantaneously attack you. Adieu, handsome giaour." Having said this, the negress left him.

The caliph had observed his favourite's slave speaking with Pecopin, and was fired with jealousy. He invited the stranger to a feast, and at night conducted him to the summit of a high tower. Pecopin without suspicion, advanced near the parapet, which was very low, when the caliph addressed him in these words;—

"Chevalier—the Count Palatine sent you to the Duke of Bourgogne on account of your renown; the Duke of Bourgogne sent you to the King of France because you were of a noble race; the King of France sent you to the Sovereign of Grenada on account of your wit; and he sent you to the Caliph of Bagdad because you were noble in appearance. As for me, on account of thy fame, thy rank, thy wit, and thy fine appearance, I send thee to the devil."

On pronouncing the last word, the caliph pushed Pecopin over the parapet.

PART IV.

GOOD EFFECTS OF A GOOD THOUGHT.—When a man falls from a height, terrible ideas flash across his brain—life, which he is going to leave; and the regions of death, which he is about to enter. In that awful moment Pecopin thought of Bauldour—put his hand to his heart, and, without knowing, touched the talisman. No sooner had his finger come in contact with the magic stone, than he felt as if he were supported with wings. He no longer

fell—he flew, and continued to do so all night. Just as day was breaking, the invisible hand that supported him placed him gently upon the sea-shore.

PART V.

THE DEVIL IS WRONG IN BEING A GOURMAND.—At this time a singular and disagreeable adventure happened to the devil. It was customary for Asmodeus to go about picking up all the souls that belonged to him, putting them into a bag and carrying them away upon his back. One day, being more fortunate than usual, he was filling his sack gaily, when, turning round, he beheld an angel, who was smiling at him. The devil shook up the bag, and continued filling for some time. At last he stopped, and seized hold of it to swing it over his shoulder; but the souls that he had crammed into it were so numerous, and the iniquities with which they were burthened weighed so heavily, that he could not move it. He took both his hands, and made a second attempt, which proved as futile as the first. “O souls of lead!” the devil exclaimed, and then he began swearing. Again he looked up, and he saw the angel laughing at him,

“What are you doing there?” cried the demon.

‘You see well enough: I was smiling a short time ago; now I am laughing.’

“O celestial fowl! huge innocent! begone!” Asmodeus cried.

The angel looked at him with gravity, and said—

“Hear me, dragon: you will not be able to carry away that load of souls till a saint from paradise or a Christian from heaven falls upon the earth and helps thee to put it on thy shoulders.” That said, the angel opened his wings and flew away.

The devil was very much disconcerted. "What does that imbecile mean?" he muttered between his teeth. "A saint from paradise, or a Christian from heaven! I shall be forced to remain a long time if I wait the coming of such assistance. How, in the name of all the saints, did I so cram my sack?"

As the devil stood by the side of his heavy burden, heaping imprecations upon himself for his own stupidity, he cast his eyes upwards, and perceived a black speck in the heavens, which every moment became larger and larger. The devil put his hands on his knees to take a better view of it, and discovered that it was a man—an armed Christian, bearing a cross upon his breast, falling from the clouds.

"What is it to me who sends him?" exclaimed the devil, jumping with joy: "I am saved! I could not get over four saints a short time ago, who laughed at the pitiful tale that I told them; but it will be easy for me to manage this fellow."

Pecopin, on finding himself on *terra firma*, looked round, and, on perceiving the old man, who was like a slave resting by the side of his load, he accosted him thus:—"Who are you, friend? and, pray, where am I?"

The devil whined out piteously—

"You, sir, are on the borders of the Red Sea, and I am the most wretched of all miserable beings. I have a very cruel master, who has taken it into his head to build a mountain, and he obliges me, an old man, to carry loads of sand from the borders of the sea. I begin at the break of day, and never leave off before sunset. Yesterday I was returning with my sixth load, when fatigue overcame

me: I thought I would rest myself, and afterwards found that I had not strength to lift the load on my shoulders, and therefore was obliged to remain here all night, looking at my burden, and cursing my master for his cruelty. My good sir, for pity's sake, help me up with this load, that I may return to my master. I am sure he will kill me."

Pecopin shook his head, saying, "Good man, your story is an unlikely one."

"My dear sir," the devil replied, "what has happened to you, if told, would be as unlikely; yet it is true. Then, he continued, "what harm would it do to you to help an infirm old man to place his load upon his back?"

This was a just demand. Pecopin stooped, seized the bag, and was placing it on the back of the old man, who was leaning forward to receive the load. The devil is vicious—it was for vice that he fell; he is greedy, which passion causes often the loss of all. The idea struck him of adding the soul of Pecopin to the others; but first of all he must kill Pecopin.

The devil began to speak to some invisible spirit, in a kind of jargon, half Italian, half Spanish, which Pecopin fortunately understood:—

"*Bamus, non. ciera 'occhi, verbera, frappa, y echa la piedra.*"

Suspicion flashed like lightning across the mind of Pecopin: he raised his eyes, and saw above his head an enormous stone that some invisible hand held suspended in the air.

He stepped backwards, touched his talisman with his left hand, seized his poniard with his right, and plunged

it with violence into the bag. The devil cried hideously, and the souls, profiting by the hole which Pecopin had made, flew away, leaving behind them their dark deeds and crimes, which, by their natural attraction to the demon, fixed upon his back: thus it is that the devil is always represented with a hump.

At the moment that Pecopin stepped backwards the invisible giant dropped the stone, which fell upon the foot of the devil, and crushed it; and from that day Asmodeus has always been club-footed.

The devil, like Jove, has thunder at his command, but it is of a more frightful nature, coming from the earth and uprooting trees. Pecopin felt the ground tremble beneath him; a dense cloud rose around, and a noise met his ear: it appeared to him that he fell, and rolled along the ground like a withered leaf when blown by the wind. He fainted.

PART VII.

AMIALE PROPOSITIONS OF AN OLD SAGE.—When Pecopin recovered, he heard a soft voice saying, "*Phisma*," which is Arabian, and signifies "He is in heaven." Another person placed his hand on his chest, and replied, "*Lo, lo, machi mouth*," which means, "No, no, he is not dead." Pecopin opened his eyes, and saw an old man and a young girl kneeling by his side: the countenance of the former was as dark as night; he had a long white beard, and was enveloped in a scarf of green silk. The young girl was of a copper colour, had large hazel eyes, lips of coral, and gold rings hanging from her nose and ears. She was exceedingly handsome.

Pecopin was no longer by the sea-side. The blast of

hell had borne him into a valley filled with rocks and trees of a strange form. He rose. The old man and the handsome female looked at him affectionately. He approached one of the trees,—the leaves contracted, the branches receded, and the flowers, which were pale white, became red. Pecopin recognised the mimosa or “tree of shame,” and concluded that he had left India, and was now in the famed country of Pudiferan.

The old man beckoned to Pecopin to follow, and in a few minutes all three were seated upon a mat in a cabin built of palm-leaves, the interior of which was filled with precious stones, that shone like a heated furnace. The old man looked at Pecopin, and said in German,—

“My son, I am the man who knows everything,—the great Ethiopian lapidary, the *taleb* of the Arabs. I am the first that ever penetrated this desert; thou art the second. I have passed my life in gleaning from nature the science of things, and filling them with the science of the soul. Thanks to me and to my lessons; thanks to the rays which, in this valley of animate stone, of thinking plants, and of wise animals, have fallen for a hundred years from my eyeballs! It was I who pointed out to beasts their true medicine, of which man stands so much in need. Till now I have only had beasts for disciples, but have long wished for a man. Thou art come; then be my son. I am old. I will leave thee my cabin, my precious stones, my valley, and my science. Thou shalt marry my daughter, who is called Aissab, and who is good and beautiful. We shall pass our days happily, in picking up diamonds and eating the roots of plants. Be my son.”

"Thanks, my venerable seignor," Pecopin said; "I accept with joy your kind offer."

When night came, he made his escape.

PART VIII.

THE WANDERING CHRISTIAN.—To tell all the adventures of Pecopin would be to relate the voyage of the world. At one time he was walking with naked feet on the sea-shore,—at another, in sandals climbing up a mountain; now riding upon an ass,—afterwards seated on a zebra or an elephant. He lost in the desert, like Jerome Costilla, four of his toes; and, like Mendez Pinto, was sold twenty times. He clambered up mountains whose summits were hidden in the clouds, and on approaching their tops, vomited blood and phlegm. He came to that island which no one when seeking can find, and to which chance only can bring one. In Scythia he killed a griffin which the people had long been endeavouring to destroy in order to possess the gold guarded by that animal; for which act they wished to make him their king, but he declined their offer. Amidst all his adventures, all his daring deeds, his miseries, and troubles, the brave and faithful Pecopin had only one end in view—to find Germany—to enter Falkenburg with the hope of seeing Bauldour.

He counted with a sad heart the days as they passed, and, on reaching the north of France, found that five years had elapsed since he had seen Bauldour. He sat down upon a stone by the road-side; his thoughts wandered to his beloved; something fell upon his hand; he started—it was a tear that had dropped from his cheek.

"Five years," he thought, "is a long time; but I will

see her now." Then, though his feet were lacerated with the stones, and his clothes torn, he proceeded with a light heart on his journey.

After travelling all day among rocks, trying to discover a passage which descended to the Rhine, he arrived at a wood, which, without hesitation, he entered; and after walking for upwards of an hour, found himself near a ditch. Tired, and dying of hunger and thirst, he sank down upon the grass, lifted his eyes upwards, and perceived a flock of sheldrakes soaring above him. In agony of soul, he was asking himself where he was, when the sound of some one singing in the distance floated on the evening breeze. Pecopin raised himself on his elbow, listened attentively, and distinguished these words:—

Mon petit lac engendre, en l'ombre qui l'abrite,
La riante Amphitrite et le noir Neptuneus;
Mon humble étang nourrit, sur des monts inconnus,
L'empereur Neptuneus et la reine Amphitrite,
Je suis le nain, grand-père des géants.
Ma goutte d'eau produit deux océans.

Je verse de mes rocs, que n'effleure aucun aile,
Un fleuve bleu pour elle, un fleuve vert pour lui,
J'épanche de ma grotte, où jamais feu n'a lui,
Le fleuve vert pour lui, le fleuve bleu pour elle.
Je suis le nain, grand-père des géants.
Ma goutte d'eau produit deux océans.

Une fine émeraude est dans mon sable jaune.
Un pur saphir se cache en mon humide écrin.
Mon émeraude fond et devient le beau Rhin;
Mon saphir se dissout, ruisselle et fait le Rhône.
Je suis le nain, grand-père des géants.
Ma goutte d'eau produit deux océans.

Pecopin could no longer doubt the sad conviction that crossed his mind. Poor hungry and fatigued traveller! he was in the fatal Wood of the Lost Path, which is full of

labyrinths, and where the dwarf Roulon is ever seen deceiving the traveller, who, if once within the wood, is never known to leave it.

The voice was that of Roulon; the song was that of the wicked dwarf of the Bois des Pas Perdus.

Pecopin, in despair, threw himself on the ground, crying—"Alas! all is over. I shall never more behold Bauldour."

"You are wrong, if you serve me," said some one from behind.

Pecopin looked up, and beheld an old gentleman equipped for the chase. It was not the dwarf Roulon, which circumstance made his heart leap with joy.

"What do you want with me?" Pecopin demanded.

"To take thee to Bauldour," replied the old man smiling.

"When?"

"After you have spent a night in the chase."

"But I am dying with hunger," Pecopin replied. "I am not able to get on horseback."

The old gentleman took a bottle from his pocket, and presented it to Pecopin, who no sooner swallowed two or three mouthfuls than he felt invigorated, and cried—

"To the chase with all my heart. But shall I really see Bauldour to-morrow?"

"Before the sun rises you shall be at the gates of Falkenburg."

"Hollo, gentlemen! hollo!" the old man cried. "To the chase!"

On turning round, Pecopin perceived that his compa-

nion was humpbacked ; and when he walked, he discovered that he was club-footed

At the call of the old man a host of gentlemen, clothed like princes, and mounted like kings, came from a thicket, and ranged themselves round him. He seemed to be their master. All were armed with knives and spears, the old man alone having a horn. The night was dark ; but suddenly two hundred servants appeared carrying torches.

“ *Ebbene*, ” said the master, “ *ubi sunt los perros ?* ”

This mixture of Italian, Latin, and Spanish was not at all agreeable to Pecopin.

The old man then said with impatience—

“ The dogs ! the dogs ! ” and in less than a minute a pack came howling and barking to the spot.

Pecopin thought there was something extraordinary in all that he saw, and was beginning to consider whether he should follow in the chase, when the old man addressed him—

“ Well, chevalier, what do you think of our dogs ? ”

“ My good sir, ” Pecopin replied, “ to follow such animals we must have wonderful horses. ”

The old man, without replying, raised the horn to his mouth, and blew it ; a noise was heard among the trees, and two magnificent horses, black as jet, appeared.

“ Well, seigneur, ” said the old man, smiling, “ which of the two do you prefer ? ”

Pecopin did not reply, but leaped upon one of them. The old man asked him if he was well saddled ; and, on being answered in the affirmative, he burst into a fit of laughter, jumped like a tiger upon the other, which trem-

bled fearfully, and began to blow the horn so violently, that Pecopin, deafened with the noise, believed that this singular individual had thunder in his chest.

PART IX.

THE DANGER TO WHICH WE EXPOSE OURSELVES BY GETTING ON A HORSE THAT WE DO NOT KNOW.—At the sound of the horn a thousand strange lights started up in the forest ; strange shadows were seen everywhere ; and the words “ To the chase,” were heard mingling with the barking of the dogs, the neighing of horses, and the shaking of the trees. Pecopin’s horse, accompanied by that of the old man, started off at a violent gallop, making every step resound in the lover’s brain, as if the horse’s hoofs had come in contact with his skull. It was a gallop, rapid, supernatural, which almost deprived him of reason, for he was only sensible to the frightful noise around—the whistling of the wind, the rustling of leaves, the barking and howling of dogs, and the neighing of horses.

Suddenly all was silent, save the sound of the old man’s horn in the distance. Pecopin knew not where he was. He looked round, and perceived his reflection in what he thought was the White Lake, then in the Black one ; but he saw it as the swallows see their shadows when gliding over the surface of a pond. In the midst of this strange course he raised his hand to his talisman, and suddenly he was enveloped in darkness, while his horse began to gallop with renewed fury. At this terrible moment Pecopin commended his soul to God, and his heart to his mistress. He continued for some time thus, flying, as it were, through the air, when the thought struck him that death was preferable to such

torment. He tried to throw himself from his horse, but he discovered that some iron hand held him by the feet.

The distant cries, the barking of dogs, the neighing of horses, mingling with the blasts of the old man's horn, again resounded frightfully in his ears. The poor chevalier closed his eyes and resigned himself to his fate. When he opened them, the heat of a tropical night struck his countenance ; the roarings of tigers and lions reached his ear ; and he saw huge ruins and strange trees. Pecopin was in an Indian forest—he again shut his eyes.

Suddenly his horse stopped, the noise ceased, and all was quiet.

Pecopin, who had remained for some time with his eyes shut, opened them, and found himself before the façade of a sombre and colossal edifice.

The old man's horn resounded through the building, the doors of the castle opened violently, as if by a blast of wind, and Pecopin, on his horse, entered a magnificent room, splendidly lighted. He cast his eyes towards the extremity of the hall, and saw a number of guests of strange appearance seated at table. No one spoke ; no one ate ; nor did any of them look at him. There was an empty seat at the head of the table, which indicated that they were waiting their superior's arrival.

Pecopin discovered among this motley group the giant Nimrod ; King Mithrobusane ; the tyrant Machanidas ; the Roman Consul, Æmilius Barbula the second ; Rollo King of the sea ; Zuentibold, the unworthy son of the great Arnolphe King of Lorraine ; Athelstan King of England ; Aigrold King of Denmark. By the side of Nimrod, Cyrus, the founder of the Persian empire, was seated, leaning on his elbow.

The old man's horn was again heard ; a large door, opposite the one by which Pecopin had entered, opened, and innumerable valets appeared, carrying an immense golden plate, in the middle of which was a stag with sixteen horns, roasted and smoking. The old man entered and took his seat ; and, after observing the grave looks of his guests, burst into a fit of laughter, saying—

“ *Hombres y mugeres, or ça vosotros belle signore domini et dominæ, amigos míos, comment va la besogne.*”

“ You come very late,” said one of the guests.

“ That is because I have a friend that is fond of hunting ; I wished to show him one of our excursions.”

“ Yes ; but look,” Nimrod said, pointing to a little crevice which exposed the break of day.

“ Well, we must make haste,” the old man said, making a sign to the valets to approach and deposit their load upon the table. Pecopin at this moment drew his sword, sank his spurs into the sides of his horse, which moved forward, and said with a loud voice—

“ *Pardieu !* whoever ye may be—spectres, demons, or emperors—I forbid you to move ; or, by all that is holy, ye shall feel, as well as that old man, the weight of a living cavalier's sword upon the heads of phantoms. I am in the cave of shadows ; but I shall do things real and terrible. Thou hast lied, miserable old man. Defend thyself ; or, by the mass, I will cleave thy head, wert thou King Pluto in person.”

“ What's the matter, my dear sir ?” the old man replied smiling. “ You are going to sup with us.”

The grimace which accompanied this gracious invitation exasperated Pecopin, who cried—

"Defend yourself, old villain! You made me a promise, and you shall pay dearly for breaking it."

"Ho, ho, my worthy friend! I have not done so; you must wait a little."

"Thou promisedst to take me to Bauldour; thou knowest that she is my betrothed."

"Well, since you will have it, be it so. Bad examples are shown by males and females above to those below. The sun and moon are wedded, but they are a disconsolate couple, for they are never together."

"A truce to raillery!" Pecopin cried, bursting with rage, "or I will exterminate thee and thy demons, and purge thy cavern."

The old man replied, laughing, "Purge, my friend. Here is the prescription—senna, rhubarb, and Epsom salts."

Pecopin in fury levelled a blow at the old man's head, but his horse drew back, trembling. At this moment a gleam of light stole through a crevice, the cock crowed, and all disappeared. Pecopin, on his horse gliding from beneath him, found himself standing, sword in hand, in a ravine near an old castle. Day broke; he lifted his eyes, and leaped with joy. It was the castle of Falkenburg. He sheathed his sword, and was beginning to walk cheerfully towards the manor, when he heard some one say,—

"Well, Chevalier de Sonneck, have I kept my word?"

Pecopin turned round, and saw the little hunchback that he had met in the wood, who in irony asked him if he knew him. Pecopin said that he did, and thanked him for thus bringing him to his Bauldour.

"Wait a little," the old man said. "You were in too great a hurry in accusing me; you are in too great a hurry in returning me thanks. Listen. You are my creditor; I owe thee two things—the hump on my back and my club-foot; but I am a good debtor. I found out thy inclinations, and I thought it would be a pity to debar such a good hunter as thou art from partaking in the night chase."

Pecopin involuntarily shuddered, and the devil added,—

"If thou hadst not had thy talisman, I would have taken charge of thee; but I am as well pleased that things have turned out as they have done."

"Tell me, demon," Pecopin said; "is Bauldour dead, or married, or has she taken the veil?"

"No;" the demon replied, with a sinister grin.

"She is at Falkenburg, and still loves me?"

"Yes, always."

"In that case," Pecopin said, respiring as if a load had been taken from his chest, "whoever thou art, and whatever may happen, I thank thee."

"Dost thou?" the devil replied. "Then, if thou art satisfied, so am I." On saying these words he disappeared.

Pecopin shrugged his shoulders, and said to himself smilingly,—

"Bauldour lives; she is free, and still loves me. What have I to fear? When I met the demon yesterday evening, five years had expired since I left her, and it is now only a day more.

"He approached the castle, recognised with joy each projection of the bridge, and felt happy. The thresh-

old of the house in which our boyish days have been spent, like the countenance of an affectionate mother, smiles upon us, when returning after a few years' absence, with all the vigour of manhood.

As he was crossing the bridge he observed a beautiful oak, whose top overlooked the parapet. "That is strange," he said to himself; "there was no tree there." Then he remembered that, two or three weeks before he left, Bauldour and he had amused themselves by throwing acorns at each other, and that at this spot one had fallen into the ditch.

"The devil!" he exclaimed; "an acorn become a tall oak in five years! this is certainly a fertile soil!"

Four birds were perched upon this tree, trying which could make the most noise. Pecopin looked up, and saw a daw, a blackbird, a magpie, and a crow; he hurried on—his thoughts were on Bauldour.

He arrived at the staircase, and was ascending quickly, when he heard some one laughing behind him, but on turning round could see nothing. He reached the door, in which was the key: his heart beat violently; he listened, and the sound of a wheel struck his ear. Was it that of Bauldour? Pecopin, trembling, turned the key, opened the door, entered, and beheld an old woman, decrepit and worn down by age, her face covered with a thousand wrinkles, long grey hair, escaping here and there from her cap, her eyebrows white, and gums toothless. This venerable yet frightful object was seated near the window, her eyes fixed upon the wheel at which she was spinning, with the thread betwixt her long thin fingers.

The old lady was apparently very deaf, for, notwithstanding the noise that Pecopin made in entering, she did not move. Nevertheless, the chevalier took off his hat, as it becomes a man before a person of advanced age, and, going near her, said—

“Madame, where is Bauldour?”

The old dame lifted her eyes, and fixed them on Pecopin; the thread dropped from her trembling hand; she screamed, and said with a feeble voice—

“Oh Heaven!—Pecopin? What would you? Masses for your troubled soul? or why is it that, being so long dead, your shadow still walks abroad?”

“Pardieu! my good lady,” Pecopin replied, laughing and speaking very loud, so that, if Bauldour was in the next room, she might hear him;—“Pardieu! I am not dead! It is not my ghost which stands before you. I am of good solid flesh and bone, and have come back, not to have masses said for my soul, but for a kiss from my betrothed, whom I love more than ever.”

As he finished the last word, the old lady threw herself into his arms. It was Bauldour! The night-chase with the devil had lasted a hundred years!

Pecopin, distracted, left the apartment, ran down stairs, crossed the court, flew to the mountain, and took refuge in the forest of Sonneck. Like a madman, he wandered about the woods all day: and when evening came, seeing that he was approaching the turrets of his own castle, he tore off the rich clothes which the devil had given him, and threw them into the torrent of Sonneck. Suddenly, his knees trembled, his hands shook, and, to prevent himself from falling, he leant against a

tree. In Pecopin's excess of grief, he had unconsciously seized the talisman, and thrown it, with his clothes, into the torrent. The words of the Sultana's slave proved true. In one minute Pecopin had all the infirmities attendant upon extreme old age. At that moment, he heard a burst of laughter; he looked round, but could see no one.

Pecopin, in pain and dejection, supporting himself on a stick, was returning to his castle, when he perceived a jackdaw, a blackbird, a magpie, and a crow, seated on the roof of the out-house. He remembered the words of the old man—"For the young the blackbird whistles, the magpie chatters, and the crow croaks, the hens cackle, and the doves coo; for the old man, the birds speak." He listened attentively, and the following is the dialogue he heard:—

BLACKBIRD.—Enfin mon beau chasseur, te voilà de retour.

JACKDAW.—Tel qui part pour un an croit partir pour un jour.

CROW.—Tu fis la chasse à l'aigle, ou milan, ou vautour.

MAGPIE.—Mieux eût valu la faire au doux oiseau d'amour!

HEN.—Pecopin! Pecopin!

DOVE.—Bauldour! Bauldour! Bauldour!

LETTER XXII.

BINGEN.

Houses at Bingen.—Paradise Plain.—The Klopp.—Mdle. Bertin.—The sage.



BINGEN is an exceedingly pretty place, having at once the sombre look of an ancient town, and the cheering aspect of a new one. From the days of Consul Drusus to those of the emperor Charlemagne, from Charlemagne to Archbishop Willigis, from Willigis to the merchant Montemagno, and from Montemagno to the visionary Holyhausen, the town gradually increased in the number of its houses, as the dew gathers drop by drop in the cup of a lily. Excuse this comparison ; for, though flowery, it has truth to back it, and faithfully illustrates the mode in which a town near the conflux of two rivers is constructed. The irregularity of the houses—in fact everything—tends to make Bingen a kind of antithesis, both with respect to buildings and the scenery which surrounds them. The town, bounded on the left by the Nahue, and by the Rhine on the right, develops itself in a trian-

gular form near a Gothic church, which is backed by a Roman citadel. In this citadel, which bears the date of the first century, and has long been the haunt of bandits, there is a garden ; and in the church, which is of the fifteenth century, is the tomb of Barthelemy de Holzhausen. In the direction of Mayence, the famed Paradise Plain opens upon the Ringau ; and in that of Coblentz, the dark mountains of Leyen seem to frown on the surrounding scenery. Here Nature smiles like a lovely woman extended unadorned on the greensward ; there, like a slumbering giant, she excites a feeling of awe.

The more we examine this beautiful place, the more the antithesis is multiplied under our looks and thoughts. It assumes a thousand different forms ; and as the Nahue flows through the arches of the stone bridge, upon the parapet of which the lion of Hesse turns its back to the eagle of Prussia, the green arm of the Rhine seizes suddenly the fair and indolent stream, and plunges it into the Bingerloch.

To sit down towards the evening on the summit of the Klopp,—to see the town at its base, with an immense horizon on all sides, the mountains overshadowing all—to see the slated roofs smoking, the shadows lengthening, and the scenery breathing to life the verses of Virgil—to respire at once the wind which rustles the leaves, the breeze of the flood, and the gale of the mountain—is an exquisite and inexpressible pleasure, full of secret enjoyment, which is veiled by the grandeur of the spectacle, by the intensity of contemplation. At the windows of huts, young women, their eyes fixed upon their work, are gaily singing ; among the weeds that grow round the ruins ;

birds whistle and pair ; barks are crossing the river, and the sound of oars splashing in the water, and unfurling of sails, reaches our ears. The washerwomen of the Rhine spread their clothes on the bushes ; and those of the Nahue, their feet and legs naked, beat their linen upon floating rafts, and laugh at some poor artist as he sketches Ehrenfels.

The sun sets, night comes on, the slated roofs of the houses appear as one, the mountains seem to congregate and take the aspect of an immense dark body ; and the washerwomen, with bundles on their heads, return cheerfully to their cabins : the noise subsides, the voices are hushed ; a faint light, resembling the reflection of the other world upon the wan countenance of a dying man, is for a short time observable on the Ehrenfels ; then all is dark, except the tower of Hatto, which, though scarcely seen in day, makes its appearance at night, amidst a light smoke and the reverberations of the forge.

A few days ago I was seated on the platform of Klopp, and in a reverie had allowed my thoughts to wander at freedom. Suddenly, a small skylight window under my feet was opened, and I perceived a young girl at the window, who was singing to a slow and plaintive air, in a clear, rich voice, the following stanza :—

“ Plas mi cavalier frances
 E la dona catalana
 E l'onraz del ginoes
 E la court de castelana
 Lou cantaz provencales
 E la danza trevisana
 E lou corps aragones
 La mans a kara d'angles
 E lou donzel de Toscana.”

I immediately recognised the joyful verses of Frederick Barberousse. It would be impossible for me to describe the effect they had upon me when heard in this ancient ruin, in the midst of obscurity—that song of the emperors, sung by a young girl; these Roman verses, accented by a German tongue; that gaiety of by-gone times changed into melancholy; that ray of the Crusades piercing the shadow of the present, and throwing its light upon me—poor bewildered dreamer!

Since I have spoken of the music which I heard upon the Rhine, why not mention that which I heard when at Bacherach? Several students, seated upon the trunk of a tree, sang to German words that admirable air in “Quasimode” which is the most beautiful and most original in Mademoiselle Bertin’s opera. The future, doubt it not, my friend, will render justice to that remarkable opera, which on its appearance was unfairly attacked and unjustly dealt with. The public, too often duped by ungenerous criticisms, by the malice of rivalry, with respect to works of genius, will think for itself, and will one day admire that soft and profound music, so pathetic and powerful, at moments melancholy yet pleasing—music, so to speak, where, in each note, is mixed that which is most tender and most grave—the heart of a lady and the mind of a sage. Germany has already rendered her justice,—France will soon follow her example.

As I care little about what are termed local curiosities, I must admit that I did not see the miraculous horn, nor the nuptial bed, nor the iron chair of old Broemser. To make amends, I visited the square dungeon of Rude-

sheim, the manor, Roman caves, and saw lanterns of the thirteenth century, and numerous sepulchral urns.

In the room where I was accustomed to dine at Bingen, I saw two individuals seated at opposite tables. There was such a contrast, both in their appearance and in their repast, that it could not fail to excite attention. The one was a huge Bavarian major, who spoke a little French, and who allowed dish after dish to be taken away without scarcely touching them; the other was a poor-looking devil, seated before a plate of choucroûte, who, after having eaten his meagre pittance, finished his dinner by devouring with his eyes the respective loaded plates of his neighbour. The words of Albancourt struck me forcibly when looking at that living parable :—

“La Providence met volontiers l'argent d'un côté et l'appetit de l'autre.”

The poor fellow was a young *savant*, pale, grave, and melancholy. It was said that he was in love with one of the servants of the auberge, which is rather strange, for to me a *savant* in love is a problem. How is it possible that the studies, the dull experiments, and minute observations which compose the life of a sage, can agree with the hope, disappointment, jealousy, rage, and loss of time which attend the tender passion. Imagine how Doctor Huxham could have loved, who, in his excellent treatise “*De Ære et Morbis Epidemicis*,” has told, month after month, the quantity of rain that fell at Plymouth during the period of twenty-two years. Imagine Romeo looking through a microscope, and counting the seventeen thousand *facettes* of the eye of a fly; Don Juan, with an apron on, analyzing the *paratar trovinat*e of potash;

and Othello, in a stooping posture, looking for *gaillonelles* in the fossils of China.

However, in spite of all laws, this poor devil was in love. At times he spoke French, which was far superior to the major's, and his address was more gentlemanly—yet he had not a stiver. Sometimes my young savant drank, during the hours at table d'hôte, a bottle of small beer, while his eye surveyed in envy the opening and shutting mouths of the inmates of the hotel Victoria. The society here was rather mixed, and not at all harmonious. At the end of the table was an old English dame, and by her side three pretty children: she was apparently a governess or an aunt, whose consequential airs raised in my heart a feeling of sympathy for the pretty little ones. The major was seated near her, to whom, for politesse, he addressed his conversation, at one time describing an engagement, at another telling that he was going to Baden, because everybody went there. On his right hand was an advocate; and next to the advocate was an old man, whose thin grey hair and reverential mien had that mild appearance which a near approach to the grave gives, and which cites in every look the beautiful verses of Homer. In front of the old gentleman was my young sage, who in French, spoke pompously of the "harrangues" that were brought from the sea. To me "harens" (herrings) would be more likely to come from such a quarter.

One day I invited him to dine with me, which invitation was cordially accepted—the more so, perhaps, because the poor fellow had not breakfasted. We chatted a little, took a walk, and afterwards visited the Island of

Rats, which pleased my companion very much ; for a good dinner, a gratuitous sail, and a chit-chat with the worthy blacksmiths, were things which were not of an everyday occurrence with him. Such were my adventures at Bingen.

LETTER XXIII.

MAYENCE.

Cathedral—its interior.—Henry Frauenlob, the asso — Mayence.—
Market place.



MAYENCE and Frankfort, like Versailles and Paris, may, at the present time, be called one town. In the middle age there was a distance of eight leagues between them, which was then considered a long journey; now, an hour and a quarter will suffice to transport you from one to the other. The buildings of Frankfort and Mayence, like those of Liège, have been devastated by modern good taste, and old and venerable edifices are rapidly disappearing, giving place to frightful groups of white houses. I expected to see, at Mayence, Martinsburgh, which, up to the seventeenth century, was the feudal residence of the ecclesiastical electors; but the French made an hospital of it, which was afterwards razed

to the ground to make room for the *Porte Franc*: the merchants' hotel, built in 1317 by the famed league, and which was splendidly decorated with the statues of seven electors, and surmounted by two colossal figures, bearing the crown of the empire, also shared the same fate. Mayence, however, though plunged into the *renaissance*, possesses that which marks its antiquity—a venerable cathedral, which was commenced in 978, and finished in 1009. Part of this superb structure was burnt in 1190, and since that period has, from century to century, undergone some change.

I explored its interior, and was struck with awe on beholding innumerable tombs, bearing dates as far back as the eighteenth century. Under the galleries of the cloister I observed an obscure monument, a bas-relief of the fourteenth century, and tried, in vain, to guess the enigma. On one side are two men in chains, wildness in their looks, and despair in their attitudes; on the other, an emperor, accompanied by a bishop, and surrounded by a crowd of people, triumphing. Is it Barberousse? Is it Louis of Bavaria? Does it speak of the revolt of 1160, or of the war between Mayence and Frankfort in 1332? I could not tell, and therefore passed by.

As I was leaving the galleries I discovered in the shade a sculptured head half-protruding from the wall, surmounted by a crown of flower-work, similar to that worn by the kings of the eleventh century. I looked: it had a mild countenance; yet it possessed something of severity in it—a face imprinted with that august beauty which the workings of a great mind give to the countenance of man. The hand of some peasant had chalked the name *Frauenlob* above it, and I instantly re-

membered the Tasso of Mayence, so calumniated during his life, so venerated after his death. When Henry Frauenlob died, which was in the year 1318, the females who had insulted him in life carried his coffin to the tomb, which procession is chiselled on the tombstone beneath. I again looked at that noble head. The sculptor had left the eyes open ; and thus, in that church of sepulchres—in that resting-place of kings and of bishops—in that cloister of the dead—the poet alone sees ; he only is represented standing, and observing all.

The market-place, which is by the side of the cathedral, has rather an amusing and pleasing aspect. In the middle is a pretty triangular fountain of the German *renaissance*, which, besides having sceptres, nymphs, angels, dolphins, and mermaids, serves as a pedestal to the Virgin Mary. Upon one of the faces is the following pentameter :—

“Albertus princeps civibus ipse suis.”

This fountain was erected by Albert de Brandenburg, who reigned in 1540, in commemoration of the capture of Francis the First by Charles the Fifth.



MAYENCE, white though it be, re-

pect of a mercantile city. The river here is not less crowded with sails, the town not less encumbered with bales, nor more free

from bustle, than formerly. People walk, speak, push, sell, buy, sing, and cry ; in fact, in all quarters of the town, in every house, life seems to predominate. At night the buzz and noise cease, and nothing is heard at Mayence but the murmurings of the Rhine, and the everlasting noise of seventeen water-mills, which are fixed to the piles of the bridge of Charlemagne.

LETTER XXIV.

FRANKFORT ON THE MAINE.

Jews at Frankfort.—Slaughter-house.—Roemer.—Inhabitants of the Steeple.



ARRIVED at Frankfort on a Saturday ; and after walking for some time in search of the beauties of my old favourite town, I came to a singular street, with two long ranges of high, sombre, and sinister-looking houses, clinging to each other, as it were, with terror. Not a door was open, not a window that was not secured with iron gratings. There was no singing, no merry voices ; no—a dismal silence reigned over all. One or two men passed, who looked at me with an air of suspicion and discontent, and through the bars of iron of the third-floor windows I observed several females, whose countenances were of a brown colour, and who looked with stealth, to see who was passing. I was in the street of the Jews ; it was their Sabbath.

At Frankfort there are still Jews and Christians—true Christians who despise the Jews, and Jews who hate the Christians.

Perhaps in no town in the world are there so many statues and figures about the streets as there are at Frankfort. Whichever way we turn, statues of all epochs, of all styles, and of all sexes, are sure to meet the eye ; horned satyrs, nymphs, dwarfs, giants, sphinxes, dragons, devils : in fact, an unfortunate world of supernatural beings is to be seen here.

One of the curiosities of Frankfort is the slaughter-house. It is impossible to see older and blacker houses decorated with more splendid legs of mutton and loins of beef. Gluttonous and jovial-looking figures are curiously sculptured upon the façades, and the openings of the ground-floors seem like huge mouths, ready to devour innumerable cattle, either living or dead. The blood-bedaubed butcher chats freely with the rosy-cheeked *bou-chères* under garlands of gigots, and before a red stream, on which two fountains are playing, as it runs smoking through the middle of the street. When I was there, frightful cries were heard in all directions : it was a massacre of sucking-pigs that was taking place. Servants, with baskets on their arms, were laughing amidst the general uproar, and casting amorous looks towards some stalworth youths, with knives in their hands, who were ready to obey the demands of their customers : here, some bargaining ; there, others quarrelling. A butcher passed carrying a sucking-pig by the hind legs, which I would have purchased had I known what to do with it. The

poor little creature squeaked not; it was ignorant of its impending fate, and knew not what was about to take place. A pretty little girl, about four years of age, was looking at it with compassion; and seemed to beseech me with her soft eyes to purchase the little thing, and save it from immediate death. I did not do what that charming eye told me; I disobeyed her demand, so sweetly expressed; but I reproached myself afterwards for not gratifying the wishes of that innocent child.

After leaving the slaughter-house, we enter a large square, worthy of Flanders, and which excites the curiosity of all travellers. It comprises all the styles of architecture of the Renaissance, and is ornamented according to the taste of that epoch. Near the middle of the square are two fountains—the one of the Renaissance, and the other of the eighteenth century, upon the tops of which are the statues of Minerva and Judith, the Homeric and biblical viragos; the former bearing the head of Medusa, the latter that of Holofernes.

Opposite this fountain is the Roemer, where emperors were proclaimed. I entered, and wandered along a large hall with a long staircase, then amongst innumerable corridors. After visiting the electors' hall, I came to the collegiate church of Frankfort, which is dedicated to St. Bartholémy. In the nave are various marble statues, and in the choir several very fine paintings.

Wishing to ascend the steeple, I clambered up a narrow staircase, which led me to the platform of Pfarrthurm. The view here was charming. Over my head was a lovely sun; at my feet, the town of Frankfort; to

my left, the Roemer; and to my right, the black and narrow street of the Jews.



Whilst buried in a profound reverie, the clouds gathered above me, and, chased by the wind, rolled about the heavens, covering and uncovering at each instant shreds of azure, while heavy drops of rain began to fall upon the earth, and lightning to flash from the heavens. I thought I was alone upon the tower, and would have remained there

all day, but suddenly a rustling noise startled me, and on looking round I perceived a young girl, about fourteen years of age, looking at me from a small window. I advanced a few steps, and, after passing the angle of the Pfarrthurm, I found myself amongst the inhabitants of the steeple—a little world smiling and happy. A young girl was knitting; an old woman, probably her mother, spinning: doves were cooing on the top of the steeple; and an hospitable monkey, on perceiving me, extended its little paw from the bottom of its cage. Add to this the peace of elevated places, where nothing is heard but the murmuring of the winds, and from whence we see the beauty of the surrounding country. In a part of the tower the old woman had made a fire, on which she was cooking a humble repast. How this little family came there, and for what end, I do not know; but they

interested me much. This proud city, once engaged in so many wars,—this city, which dethroned so many Cæsars,—this city, whose walls were like an armour, is at present crowned by the hearth of a poor old woman.

LETTER XXV.

THE RHINE.

Rafts on the Rhine.—Secret Souvenirs.—Oberwerth.



HE Rhine assumes all aspects—at one time broad, then narrow. It is transparent, tranquil, and rapid; it is a torrent at Schaffouse, a gulf at Laufen, a river at Sickingen, a flood at Mayence, a lake at St. Goar, and a marsh at Leyde.

The Rhine is calm, at least towards evening, and appears as if sleeping—a phenomenon more apparent than real, and which is visible upon all great rivers. The part of the Rhine the most celebrated and admired, the most curious for the historian, and the loveliest for the poet, is that which traverses, from Bingen to Kœnigswinter, that dark chaos of volcanic mounds which the Romans termed the *Alpes des Cattes*.

From Mayence to Bingen, as from Kœnigswinter to Cologne, there are seven leagues of rich smiling plains, with handsome villages, on the river's brink ; but the great *encaissement* of the Rhine begins at Bingen by the Rupertsberg and Niederwald, and terminates at Kœnigswinter at the base of the Seven Mountains.

At each turning of the river, a group of houses—a town or borough—develops itself, with a huge tower in ruins peering over it. These hamlets present an imposing aspect: young women are seen busily washing and singing, with children playing round them ; the basket-maker at work on the door-step of his hut ; the fisherman mending his net in his boat ; and above their heads the sun ripening the vine upon the hill ;—all perform what God has ordered—man as well as the orb of day.

At the time of the Romans and of the Barbarians the Rhine was termed the "*street*" of soldiers ; in the middle ages, when the river was bordered with ecclesiastical states, and, from its source to its mouth, was under the control of the Abbot of St. Gall, the Bishops of Constance, Bale, Spire, Worms, the Archbishop-Electors of Mayence, Treves, and Cologne, the Rhine was called "the street of the priests ;" at present it is that of the merchants.

The traveller who ascends the river sees it, so to speak, coming to him, and then the sight is full of charms. At each instant he meets something which passes him ; at one time, a vessel crowded with peasants, especially if it be Sunday ; at another, a steam-boat ; then a long, two-masted vessel, laden with merchandise, its pilot attentive and serious, its sailors busy, with women seated near the

door of the cabin ; here, a heavy-looking boat, dragging two or three after it ; there, a little horse drawing a huge bark, as an ant drags a dead beetle. Suddenly there is a winding in the river ; and formerly, on turning, an immense raft, a floating-house, presented itself, the oars splashing on both sides. On the ponderous machine were cattle of all kinds, some bleating, and others bellowing when they perceived the heifers peaceably grazing on the banks. The master came and went, looked at this, then at that, while the sailors busily performed their respective duties. A whole village seemed to live on this float—on this prodigious construction of fir.

It is, perhaps, difficult to imagine such an island of wood coming and going from Narny to Dordrecht, along the windings and turnings, the falls and serpentine meanderings of the Rhine. Wrecks, it is true, frequently take place, which give rise to the saying, “ that a float merchant ought to have three capitals—the first upon the Rhine, the second on land, and the third in his pocket. The conducting of each of these enormous constructions was left entirely to the charge of one man. At the end of the last century, the great *maître flottageur* of Rudesheim was called “ Old Jung.” He died : since that time these great floats have disappeared.

At present, twenty-five steamers are now engaged on the Rhine, nineteen of which belong to the Cologne Steam Company, and are constantly plying from Strasbourg to Dusseldorf ; they are known by their white and black funnels. The remaining six belong to the Dusseldorf Company, which have tri-coloured funnels, and ply from Mayence to Rotterdam. The ancient mode of na-

vigating the Rhine, which was by vessels with sails, contrasts strangely with the present. The steam-boats, with life in their appearance, rapid, comfortable, and painted with the colours of all nations, have for invocation the names of princes and of cities,—Ludwig II., Gross, Herzog von Hessen, Konigin, Victoria, Herzog von Nassau, Prinzessin Mariann, Gross Herzog von Baden, Stadt Mannheim, Stadt Coblentz. The sailing-vessels glide slowly along, and have at their prows grave and reverential names, such as Pius, Columbus, Amor Sancta Maria, Gratia Dei. The steam-boat is varnished and gold-lettered; the sailing-boat is bedaubed with pitch. The one pursues its way from place to place, beseeching of men; the other continues its course in prayer. The one depends upon man; the other has placed its reliance in God—food, and that which is the gift of Heaven, being its cargo.

From Cologne to Mayence there are forty nine islands, covered with thick verdure, which hide the smoking roofs, and shade the barks in their charming havens, each bearing some secret *souvenir*: Graupenwerth, where the Hollanders constructed a fort, and called it “The Priest’s Bonnet;” Pfaffenmuth, a fort which the Spaniards took, and gave it the name of “Isabella;” Graswerth, the island of grass, where Jean Philippe de Reichenberg wrote his “Antiquitates Saynenses;” Niederwerth, formerly so rich with the gifts of the Margrave Archbishop, Jean II.; Urmitzer Insel, which was well known to Cæsar; and Nonnenswerth, the frequented spot of Roland.

The souvenirs of the banks of the Rhine seem to have

responded to those of the islands, and whatever took place on one side was sure to have given rise to something else on the opposite one. Permit me to run over a few of them. The coffin of Saint Nizza, grand-daughter of Louis-le-Debonnaire, is at Cologne; the tomb of Saint Ida, cousin of Charles Martel, is at Cologne. St. Geneviève lived in the woods at Fraunkirch, near a mineral fountain, which is still seen, adjoining a chapel that was built to her memory. It was Schinderhannes who, with a pistol in his hand, forced a band of Jews to take off their shoes; then, after mixing them, ordered each person to take the first pair he could find and be off, for he would put the last to instant death. The terrified Jews did so, and fled precipitately, some stumbling, others limping and hobbling, making a strange clattering noise, which excited the laughter of Jean l'Ecorcheur.

When the traveller has passed Coblenz, and left behind him the graceful island of Oberwerth, the mouth of the Lahn strikes his attention. The sight here is admirable. The two crumbling towers of Johanniskirch, which vaguely resemble Jumeiges, rise, as it were, from the water's brink. To the right, above the borough of Cappellan, the magnificent fortress of Stolzenfels stands upon the brow of a huge rock; and to the left, at the bottom of the horizon, the clouds and the setting sun mingle with the sombre ruins of Lahneck, which abound with enigmas for the historian, and darkness for the antiquary. On each side of the Lahn is a pretty town, Niederlahnstein and Oberlahnstein, which seem smiling at each other. A few stone-throws from the oriental gate of Oberlahnstein, the trees of an orchard disclose,

and at the same time hide, a small chapel of the fourteenth century, which is surmounted by a mean-looking steeple. The deposition of Wencesles took place here.

In front of this chapel, upon the opposite bank, is ancient Koenigsstuhl, which, not more than half a century ago, was the seat of royalty, and where the emperors were elected by the seven electors of Germany. At present, four stones mark the place where it formerly stood. After leaving this place, the traveller proceeds towards Braubach; passes Boppard, Welmich, Saint Goar, Oberwesel; and suddenly comes to an immense rock, surmounted by an enormous tower on the right bank of the river. At the base of the rock is a pretty little town with a Roman church in the centre; and opposite in the middle of the Rhine is a strange, oblong edifice, whose back and front resemble the prow and poop of a vessel, and whose large and low windows are like hatches and port-holes.

This tower is the Gutenfels; this town is Canb; this stone ship—eternally on the Rhine, and always at anchor—is the Palace or Pfalz. To enter this symbolic residence, which is built upon a bank of marble, called “the Rock of the Palatine Counts,” we must ascend a ladder that rests upon a drawbridge, a portion of which is still to be seen.

From Taunus to the Seven Mountains there are fourteen castles on the right bank of the river, and fifteen on the left, making in all twenty-nine, which bear the *souvenirs* of volcanoes, the traces of war, and the devastations of time. Four of these castles were built in the eleventh century—Ehrenfels, by the Archbishop of Siege

fried ; Stahleck, by the Counts Palatine ; Sayn, by Frederick, first Count of Sayn, and vanquisher of the Moors of Spain ; and the others at a later period.

This long and double row of venerable edifices, at once poetic and military, which bear upon their front all the epochs of the Rhine, every one having its sieges and its legends, begins at Bingen, by the Ehrenfels on the right, and by the Rat Tower on the left, and finishes at Koenigswinter, by the Rolandseck on the left, and the Drachenfels on the right.

The number which I have given only includes those castles that are on the banks of the Rhine, and which every traveller will see in passing ; but should he explore the valleys and ascend the mountains, he will meet a ruin at every step ; and if he ascend the Seven Mountains, he will find an abbey, Schomberg, and six castles—the Drachenfels, Wolkenburg, Lowenberg, Nonnestromberg, and the Oelberg, the last of which was built by Valentinian, in the year 368.

In the plain near Mayence is Frauenstein, which was built in the twelfth century, Scharfenstein and Greifenklau ; and on the Cologne side is the admirable castle of Godesberg.

These ancient castles which border the Rhine, these colossal bounds, built by *Feodalite*, fill the country with reveries and pleasant associations. They have been mute witnesses of bygone ages—prominent features in great actions ; and their walls have echoed the cries of war and the murmurings of peace. They stand there like eternal monuments of the dark dramas which, since the tenth century, have been played on the Rhine.

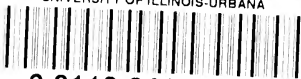
They have witnessed, so to speak, monks of all orders, men of all ranks; and there is not an historical fact in the lives of those men who took a prominent part on the Rhine that is not designed on their venerable walls. They have listened to the voice of Petrarch: they saw, in 1415, the eastern bishops, proud and haughty, going to the assembly of divines at Constance, to try Jean Huss; in 1441, going to the council of Bale, to depose Eugene IV:; and, in 1519, to the diet of Worms, to interrogate Luther: they witnessed, floating on the Rhine, the body of Saint Werner, who fell a martyr to the Jews in 1287. In fact, all the great events, from the ninth to the nineteenth century, that transpired on the banks of the flood, have, as it were, come under their notice. They are mute recorders of the things that were—of Pepin, of Charlemagne, of Charles the Fifth, and of Napoleon. All the great events which, time after time, shook and frightened Europe, have, like the lightning's flash, lightened up these old walls. At present it is the moon and the sun which shed their light upon these ancient edifices, famed in story and gnawed by time, whose walls are falling stone by stone into the Rhine, and whose dates are fast dwindling into oblivion.

O noble towers! O poor paralysed giants! A steam-boat filled with merchants and with peasants, when passing, hurls its smoke in your faces.

THE END.



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